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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1843.

REVIEWS

Life of Gerald Griffin, Esq. By his Brother. London, Simpkin & Marshall; Dublin, Cumming.

We have here a book which requires tender handling on the part of all who sympathize with the heart of a poet. By those whose *desideratum* in a biography is gossip, and even by many less exclusive persons, the 'Life of Gerald Griffin, by his Brother,' will be found too meagre, and too dreamy in its details. But the career of a literary man must always possess a fascination for literary men: and he with whom we have to deal, besides exciting a special interest as a contemporary, did not altogether follow the author's hackneyed path from the cradle to the grave. It is true that there were the usual indications of genius in childhood, the consuming desire for fame in youth, the struggle to achieve it in manhood, and the success: but the end is strange and unwonted; and will be read by some as a melancholy extinction of a bright light, by others as a vivifying example of conscience listened to, and worldly honours forsaken for "palm and amaranth." We shall refrain from offering an opinion on a question which there will be enough, and too many, willing to canvas, for controversy's sake—but shall, in preference, attempt a picture, "in little," of the man; relying on his affectionate biographer for traits and lineaments.

Gerald Griffin was the ninth son of his parents; his mother is described as a woman of talent, his father as one of those sanguine men so common in the sister country, given to speculation, yet wanting in experience. The child was born in Limerick, on the 12th of December, 1803. He was small, delicate, and gave early proofs of possessing a susceptible imagination and a nervous temperament. The legends of ghost and goblin, with which Irish servants are so richly provided, took root in a congenial soil—and we fear there was no one at hand to repress the growth of credulity, or to disentangle for the visionary boy the poetry of these things from its less worthy accompaniment. But the germ of much literary excellence lay in his wild familiarity with the pleasures of fear. No contemporary exercised a more entire mastery over Terror. A description occurs to us, as we write, of a girl carried off in the dusk of a summer evening, from a house filled with company, the effect of which has always seemed to us stronger than the most pompously paraded apparition in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe or *Matutin*.

The first schoolmaster of our hero, a Mr. MacEligot, was one of the eccentrics of Limerick. He announced himself to Gerald's mother as one of three persons in Ireland who knew how to read—the Bishop of Killaloe and the Earl of Clare being the other two—and began a Christmas advertisement of his opening day thus: "When ponderous polysyllables promulgate professional powers," &c. His odd ways and pompous speeches must have supplied the novelist in embryo with a mine of humorous sayings and doings. But he seems to have done little for Gerald beyond keeping him from those venturesome experiments in which poet-children delight; and the boy probably acquired little knowledge, save in the humours of men, till his removal into the country, at the age of seven years. Fairy Lawn, the place where the Griffins established themselves, is beautifully situated. MacEligot was now well replaced by a daily tutor; and the poet's mother, who seems to have been aware of the genius of her son, was neither an indis-

creet nor an uncultivated monotist. The following home picture is pleasing:—

"The circumstances in which Gerald was placed, though they did not afford opportunities for extensive or varied information, were not on the whole unfavourable to the cultivation of literature, and his early love for it was remarkable. It evinced itself at this time by his generally sitting to his breakfast or tea with a book before him, which he was reading, two or three under his arm, and a few more on the chair behind him! This was often a source of amusement to the rest of the family. He had a secret drawer in which he kept his papers, and it was whispered that he wrote scraps and put them there, but he was such a little fellow then that it was thought to be in imitation of one of his elder brothers who had a strong taste for poetry, and as it did not on this account excite the least curiosity, no one ever tried to see, or asked him a question about them. My mother met him one night going to his room with several large octavo volumes of 'Goldsmith's animated Nature' under his arm. 'My dear child,' said she with astonishment, 'do you mean to read all those great books before morning?' He seemed a little puzzled, but looking wistfully at the books, and not knowing which to part with, said he wanted them all, upon which he was allowed to take them. One evening while one of our young people was reading aloud something about the trade-winds, one of his elder brothers, to whose tastes I have before alluded, and who from his childhood had shown the greatest activity of mind, imagined he could illustrate the subject with a spinning wheel that was in the kitchen, and went out to try. While the servants observed him with astonishment, and some concern for his senses, Gerald instantly guessed what he was about. On returning to the parlour, my mother asked, 'Gerald, where is William?' He is *spinning monsoons*, mamma," said Gerald with an air of great gravity. He made a blank book and many of his hours of recreation were occupied in copying pieces of poetry into it. As our library was not large, the poetry it contained was very select in its character, so that anything he could lay hands on in general quite satisfied him, but for the most part the pieces he copied consisted of Moore's Melodies, or extracts from his longer poems, which were written out with a care and completeness that showed his high admiration of them, the air being marked at the head of each of the melodies, and even the notes to them being included."

Gerald was fond of animals, and yet, withal, a sportsman so keen that he manufactured his own gunpowder. He used to fish most patiently, too, attended by an idiotic familiar:—

"A little simpleton named Kilmartin, who went about with a sort of one-sided jerking gait, like St. Vitus's dance, spoke with a very indistinct articulation, and stammered dreadfully, his attempts to make himself understood throwing his countenance into contortions, that only in a more horrible manner relieved its natural expression of imbecility. Wherever Gerald's line was thrown, little Kilmartin was sure to be beside it, or sometimes flung across it, as if he was determined to share in all his fortunes whether good or evil, and it was amusing and yet touching and pitiful to observe the joyous light that struggled feebly in his eyes, and the distortions of face and indistinct chuckling that expressed his pleasure, and his triumph, whenever he drew a trout from the spot where the line of his companion lay in dull and unpromising repose."

When fourteen, Gerald Griffin was sent to Mr. O'Brien's school, Limerick. Three years later the establishment at Fairy Lawn was broken up. The father, and part of the family, emigrated to Pennsylvania, while four of the children, including Gerald, remained with their elder brother, Dr. Griffin, at Adare, near Limerick. At this place are the remains of three abbeys, and of an old castle belonging to the Earls of Desmond. These ruins became the favourite haunts of the visionary boy: and who can tell how far remembrances of his evening walks, rising up to his mind's eye in the midst of the fever and drudgery of London, may have dis-

posed him, by their influence, to the last step of his life? The spirit of such scenes, at all events, was vividly reproduced in both his prose and his poetical works, and some extracts given from the latter, besides this merit of local colour, have a true *Irish* sweetness. At Adare, Gerald first began to dream of the drama. A letter addressed to one of the Limerick journals, which excited some notice, led to his connexion with the *Limerick Advertiser*. The policy of the paper at that time was to "please the Castle," and Gerald, taking small heed of this, soon gave offence by unpalatable opinions. In a letter to his mother, he expresses his regret, that "through so vain a weakness as an eagerness to display elevated feelings," he should have run the hazard of injuring the poor proprietor; and, therefore, compelled himself to write a flattering portrait of Lord Wellesley, by way of *placebo*—his first, and he determined it should be "his last step into that commodious versatility of principle which is so very useful to newspaper writers." How this determination was kept we shall see hereafter. The drama now so far gained the ascendant over journalism, that we find young Griffin seriously bent upon migrating to London, to produce 'Aguire,' a tragedy which was "to bring the playhouse down." Relations doubted, wise heads were shaken, the usual dissuasive arguments used: which he answered by employing the interval of suspense in the construction of a new 'Tancred and Sigismunda,' and in 1823 he had so far made good his purpose, that we find him fairly planted in the arena of his ambition—"that monster London," as wise old Abraham Cowley called it even in his day.

There are few states of existence more chequered and trying than the life of a young man who has to depend exclusively upon literature. Uncertain gains, promises, which are almost crimes when uttered by those who have themselves felt the heart-sickness of hope long-deferred, the courage which feels itself equal to any task, so but the opportunity be vouchsafed! and a keen sense of every social pleasure,—are so many elements of disquiet and temptation. Gerald Griffin began in the midst of the delusive and dazzling uncertainties which tantalize the dramatic aspirant. He found a strenuous friend in Mr. Banim, gathered sound counsel from Mr. Young and Miss Kelly, was courteously received by managers—yet his drama 'Aguire' never even came to a hearing; and of the four in which so large an amount of youthful expectation and endeavour was invested—but one, 'Gisippus,' obtained a trial, and that only after its author had ceased to hear the plaudits of men! That tragedy, by the way, was written "on little slips of paper, in coffee-houses," the others were destroyed. Meanwhile, its author must live—and he did live, by reporting for the daily press, contributing to the magazines, and ill-remunerated drudgery for a great publishing house. But Gerald Griffin was more willing to work hard than to lie under obligations—possibly he carried the latter reluctance to the extremes of morbid pride and suspicion:—

"You have no idea," he writes, "what a heart-breaking life that of a young scribbler, beating about, and endeavouring to make his way in London is: going into a bookseller's shop, as I have often done, and being obliged to praise up my own manuscript, to induce him to look at it at all—for there is so much competition, that a person without a name will not even get a trial—while he puts on his spectacles, and answers all your self-commendation with a 'hum—um'—a set of hardened villains! and yet at no time whatever could I have been prevailed upon to quit London altogether. That horrid word failure,—No!—death first. * * *

"He had, (says his biographer) on all occasions,

an almost morbid horror of patronage, arising partly from a natural independence of mind, but yet more from the depressing disappointments of his early literary life. When first he came to London, he sought by a few introductions and the friendly exertions of literary acquaintances, to bring his productions favourably before the public, but without the slightest success. His powers seemed to be undervalued precisely in proportion as he made interest to procure them consideration, until at length disgusted by repeated failure he resolved in future to trust wholly to his own unfriended exertions, and if they should not sustain him, to abandon the struggle. It was soon after forming this resolution that success first dawned upon his efforts, and that he was anxiously sought for as an anonymous contributor by the editors of periodicals, who when he was previously introduced to them, would give him nothing to do. In proportion as his success increased, the remembrance of the many mortifying disappointments he had formerly experienced, seemed to sink more deeply into his mind, and he gradually acquired a degree of sensitiveness with respect to patronage, that made him recoil from even the ordinary and necessary means of obtaining attention for his pieces."

The periodicals, at that time in their palmy days, proved more accessible than the theatres—and to several of them Mr. Griffin became a welcome contributor. A letter describing his avocations is curious, as throwing light upon a dynasty of criticism, the form and fashion of which has passed away:—

"London, Nov. 10, 1824.
"My dear William.—Since my last I have visited Mr. J.—several times. The last time he wished me to dine with him, which I happened not to be able to do, and was very sorry for it, for his acquaintance is to me a matter of great importance, not only from the engine he wields—and a formidable one it is, being the most widely circulated journal in Europe—but also because he is acquainted with all the principal literary characters of the day, and a very pleasant kind of man. He was talking of Maginn, who writes a good deal for *Blackwood*, and spoke in high terms of his talents: nevertheless, though he is his friend, he confessed he did not think him a very considerate critic, and thought there was something unfeeling in his persecution of Barry Cornwall, who by the way is an acquaintance of my Spanish friend's. You may have seen those letters to Bryan Proctor in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Barry Cornwall is, he says, one of the mildest, modestest, young fellows he ever knew, and does anything but assume. Maginn, however, imagines that those he attacks, think as little of the affair as himself, which is by no means the case. The other day he attacked Campbell's 'Ritter Bann' most happily, and at the same time cuttingly, and afterwards wanted J.—to get up a dinner and bring Campbell and him together. J.—begged leave to decline. He is a singular looking being, Dr. Maginn. A young man about twenty-six years of age, with grey hair, and one of the most talented eyes, when he lets it speak out, I ever beheld. Banim, who is his bosom crony, says, he considers him the most extraordinary man he ever knew. He attacked Banim too before they were acquainted, but that's all forgot long since. Hazlitt praised Banim in the *London Magazine*, and of course rendered it imperative on *Blackwood* to abuse him. Have you seen Campbell's late poems, any of them? I have been told that the volume of his, which is coming out shortly, Theodric, &c., is very poor indeed—lamentably so. Campbell is the most finical exact kind of fellow in the whole world. As an instance, I have heard that he was asked to write a little poem some time since for the occasion of Burns' monument, which was then in agitation, and in which my informant took great interest. Campbell consented, but directed that proofs should be sent to him to the country, and before the poem appeared, had actually sent five or six messengers back and forward to and from town, with revisions of commas and semicolons!! There is a young writer here, Miss Landon, the author of the 'Improvisatrice,' a poem which has made some noise lately, who has been brought out by J.—, and to be sure he does praise her. She sent some pieces to the *Literary Gazette* a few years since, and through that

journal (without intending any insinuations as to desert,) has made herself popular enough to run through a few editions. J.—has asked me to meet Alaric Watts at his house, when the latter comes to town, which he intends shortly. Watts is a very sweet writer in his own way, and rather a favourite. I have got a few days since, a note from my friend Banim, to know 'what has become of me?' and he adds as a spur that Dr. Maginn has just been with him, and said that Mr. J.—expressed himself highly pleased with the series I am at present furnishing him. I dined the other day—at least about a month since—with him and a friend of his, an artist of the name of Foster, (to whom, if you recollect, Madame de Genlis dedicated one of her works, and expresses her gratitude for his assistance in some of her literary labours.) He is one of the most delightful facetious fellows I ever saw. My dear William, ever affectionately yours,

"GERALD GRIFFIN."

There are also meagre notices of Mr. Neal, the author of 'Brother Jonathan,' Mr. Llanos, and other of the literary men, then about town, interwoven among passionate self-questionings and complaints of opportunity and success denied: and noticeable, as reflecting a past time, is the picture which the biographer gives of his brother's services as a reviewer:—

"This occupation of reviewing and of passing judgment on unpublished manuscripts, gave him little trouble, and the remuneration was liberal. He was often highly amused at receiving from the editor of some periodical, three volumes of a newly published novel, accompanied by a request that he would not cut the leaves. This, which he at first conceived so very ridiculous, and so apparently impossible with any justice to the author, he eventually found was almost a matter of necessity with many of the publications sent to him. They were of so trashy a description, that no one of ordinary taste could possibly get through even the first few chapters. His usual plan was to glance through the early part of a work, so as to obtain some notion of the plot, a peep here and there in the second volume gave him an idea of the skill with which it was developed, and a slight consideration of the latter end of the third or slaughter-house as he used to call the concluding part of a disastrous story, or fifth act of a tragedy, satisfied him both as to the genius of the author, and the merits of the performance. He no doubt made a more intimate acquaintance with his subject, when his first hasty supervision gave him reason to believe it was written by a person of more than ordinary talent, and did not appear to feel conscious of having done any injustice during the short period he was engaged as a professional critic."

Here is a text on which a homily might be written, showing the extent to which an unhealthy condition of critical morality could palsy and vitiate the mind of one so sensitive and conscientious. It seems never once to have suggested itself to this practiser of the "uncut" system of cutting up, that the publications, trashy as they seemed to his fastidious eye, might be each the 'Gisippus' or 'Collegians' of some family circle, as affectionate as that at Pallas Kenry. Mr. Griffin, indeed, never learned to be as patient with the efforts of others, as his own struggles should have taught him—never attained the blessing of a tranquil and tolerant spirit, without which, he who ventures on the vexed waters of literary life can hardly fail to wreck his happiness. It is bad enough to see all discriminating power lost, and truth itself sacrificed to a sickly benevolence or personal good-nature—but it is worse to sport with inferiority, and, because the mind is self-occupied, and the labour ungracious, to cast on one side the responsibilities which author owes to author—and to the public who, more or less, put trust in his verdict!

Mr. Griffin's health seems to have suffered severely in the wear and tear of his London life. He was subject to palpitations of the heart, which were only to be subdued by a very severe regimen. In the year 1825, an operatic

melodrama was accepted, and produced by Mr. Arnold at the English Opera House. It was on this occasion, that what may be called the morbid jealousy of his nature led to a temporary misunderstanding with his active friend, Mr. Banim. This, at the time, was much talked of in the coteries—but we will not dwell on it, adverting in preference, to the sound notions with regard to the English musical drama, which Mr. Griffin seems to have entertained, in advance of his manager. Had Mr. Arnold listened to his suggestions, we might now have had an operatic theatre for authors and composers, instead of—

Bare ruined quires, where late the sweet birds sang.

Early in 1827, the publication of the 'Hollandtide' established Mr. Griffin's reputation, and enabled him to take a holiday among his own people. The boy returned home a man—thin and pale, his "cheeks flattened, and as it were bloodless, and his voice feeble and slightly raised in its pitch, like that of one recovering from a lingering illness." He was doomed, too, to receive a terrible shock in the moment of his return: being met by tidings of the death of a favourite sister. From this time we find traces of a self-reproaching and anxious spirit in the records of his life. Even while completing his impassioned and pathetic tale, 'The Collegians,'—in right of which, we think, he must be placed as an Irish novelist above Banim and Carleton—Mr. Griffin was troubled in his mind, as to the morality of the story: owing to the superior interest which attached itself to its Lovelace. Gradually, such thoughts gathered round him like a mist: at first overclouding his imagination, then obscuring it. He began to imagine himself called to a more spiritual devotion of his powers, in the service of the Roman Catholic Church; the bias of his mind receiving no inconsiderable direction from the circumstances of a female relative having set him the example by taking the veil. This will be seen in the following verses, the sincerity of which will affect those who refuse sympathy, and deny their poetical merit:—

Seven dreary winters gone and spent,
Seven blooming summers vanish'd too,
Since on an eager mission bent,
I left my Irish home and you.
How passed those years I will not say:
They cannot be by words renewed—
God wash their sinful parts away!
And blest be he, for all their good.
With even mind and tranquil breast,
I left my youthful sister then,
And now in sweet religious rest
I see my sister there again.
Returning from that stormy world,
How pleasing is a sight like this?
To see that bark with canvass fur'd
Still riding in that port of peace.
Oh darling of a heart that still,
By earthly joys so deeply trod,
At moments bids its owner feel
The warmth of nature and of God.
Still be his care in future years
To learn of thee truth's simple way,
And free from fondless hopes or fears,
Serenely live, securely pray.
And when our Christmas days are past,
And life's faint shadows faint and dim,
Oh, be my sister held at last,
When her pure hands are raised for him!

Christmas, 1830.

While, however, the feet of the novelist—to whose further successes it is needless to advert—were thus involuntarily moving cloister-ward, he seems for awhile to have enjoyed home, and friends, and increasing renown, with great zest, and even cheerfulness. The indications of the gradual increase of religious melancholy are alternated with warm-hearted letters to a kind Quaker family—pleasant notices of domestic intercourse and journeyings to and from—and here and there a lively glimpse of some of those greater ones to whom his literary successes introduced him. He was nominated by the

electors of Limerick, in 1838, to carry to Mr. Moore their request that the Irish Melodist would represent their ancient city in Parliament: and though the extract be long, we cannot but give the account of the visit to Sloperton, as remembered and recorded by his brother:—

“Mr. Moore has been often spoken of, as one whose wit and liveliness in conversation shed a lustre on any society he enters; but he must be seen in his own house, and among his own immediate friends, to have the charm of his manner thoroughly felt and appreciated. The only person we met at dinner besides Mr. and Mrs. Moore, was a Mr. —, who seemed very intimate with the family, and who, we afterwards understood, was gay and sprightly beyond all previous custom. Mr. Moore was fond of anecdote, and full of it; especially of Irish anecdote. * * He spoke with the enthusiasm of a youth of nineteen of the ever-memorable debates in the Irish Parliament in the times of Grattan, Corrie, and Flood; and, remarking upon the number of men of extraordinary talent who flourished about that period, and their rarity since, seemed to be of opinion that one of the most lamentable effects of the Union was the manner in which it appeared to operate to the destruction and annihilation of all Irish genius. He had the most intense admiration of Grattan, and told several amusing stories of him which I had not heard before. One of them I cannot omit noticing, as it related to Mr. Moore himself, and was one he took a very justifiable pride in. In his younger days, though after he had been already known to the world, he happened one day to be in Mr. Grattan’s company at the house of a mutual friend. Grattan was holding forth, with some sharpness, on the servility of literary men, and the manner in which they almost universally prostituted their talents to the great and powerful. He appeared at first to exclude no one from this sweeping censure; but, suddenly recollecting himself, he continued, ‘but I’m wrong; there are some exceptions;’ and, turning to Mr. Moore, who stood near him, and patting him kindly on the shoulder, he said to those he had been addressing, ‘I’m wrong; my young friend here is one who—’ he paused a moment and then added emphatically—‘*who wears his hat before the king.*’ He mentioned another incident which I may just speak of, as it serves to show the feeling with which Irish interests are frequently regarded in England, even by those who profess liberal opinions. At a reform dinner, given, I believe, in Bath, to the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Moore’s health having been drunk, he rose to return thanks, and was received with a good deal of enthusiasm. On such occasions as these his country was never forgotten, and he ventured in the progress of his speech, though cautiously, to make some allusion to it. ‘England,’ said he, in one of his happy illustrations, ‘will not permit so large a segment of her orb as Ireland to remain for ever shrouded in darkness.’ He expected this sentiment to awaken a few cheers of sympathy; but there was immediately a dead silence, as if he had said something very disagreeable. It was evident he had entered upon forbidden ground, and that he could not venture further in that direction with safety. He therefore sounded a retreat as quickly as possible, and slipping gently into some other subject, restored harmony to the hearts of his hearers. He could not, however, avoid feeling some degree of surprise at such a result; and after he had sat down, he asked of some person who sat next him, a stranger, what *could* be the reason that sentiment about Ireland was received with so much coldness? ‘Ah, Sir!’ said the other, ‘*Irishmen and pigs are very unpopular all along this line.*’ It was singular, though I could perceive that Gerald enjoyed himself very much during the evening, and though the gaiety and freedom of Mr. Moore’s manner were calculated to put all kinds of formality to flight, he could not shake off that constitutional timidity and reserve which was so apt to assail him before strangers; he did, it is true, take a part in what was going forward, yet he did not, as he would have done on a little further acquaintance, fling himself into it with all his heart. It is evident that nothing could tend more effectually to lessen the interest of his conversation than the existence of any such feeling, yet I think Mr. Moore, though he could not perhaps distinguish all the light that was hidden, had too much penetration not to see pretty fully into

his character; for, on our visit next day, when we chatted over the proceedings of the evening, and Mrs. Moore said, ‘But did you observe — last night, what wild spirits he was in, and how he did talk? Why I thought he was mad! I never saw any thing like him.’ ‘Oh!’ said Mr. Moore, ‘don’t you know the meaning of that? That was,—he continued, turning playfully to Gerald, and darting his finger towards him with a good natured smile,—‘that was in order to get *you* to talk.’ Gerald seemed rather taken aback by the suddenness of this gentle little reproach, but made no reply.”

Not all his rapidly strengthening views of the worthlessness of literary distinction or the necessity of self-mortification could prevent Mr. Griffin from taking pleasure in the introduction, as the following sprightly letter shows:

“Monday Morning, March 31, 1833.

Pittman’s, senior, Taunton.

My dear L.—Procrastination—it is all the fruit of procrastination. When Dan and I returned to the inn at Devizes, after our first sight and speech of the Irish melodist, I opened my writing case to give L.—an account of our day’s work; then I put it off, I believe, till morning; then, as Dan was returning, I put it off till some hour when I could tell you about it at full leisure; then Saunders and Otley set me to work, and I put it off until my authorship should be concluded for the season, at least; and now it is concluded, for I am not to publish this year; and here I come before you with my news, my golden bit of news, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Oh dear, L.—I saw the poet! and I spoke to him, and he spoke to me, and it was not to bid me ‘get out of his way,’ as the King of France did to the man who boasted that his Majesty had spoken to him; but it was to shake hands with me, and to ask me ‘How I did, Mr. Griffin,’ and to speak of ‘my fame.’ My fame! Tom Moore talk of my fame! Ah, the rogue! he was humbugging, L.—I’m afraid. He knew the soft side of an author’s heart, and perhaps he had pity on my long, melancholy-looking figure, and said to himself, ‘I will make this poor fellow feel pleasant, if I can;’ for which, with all his roguery, who could help liking him and being grateful to him? But you want to know all about it step by step, if not for the sake of your poor, dreamy-looking *Bellard*, at least for that of fancy, wit, and patriotism. I will tell you, then, although Dan has told you before, for the subject cannot be tiresome to an Irishwoman.—I will tell you how we hired a great, grand cabriolet, and set off—no, pull in a little. I should first tell you how we arrived at the inn at Devizes, late in the evening, I forget the exact time, and ordered tea (for which, by the bye, we had a prodigious appetite, not having stopped to dine in Bath or Bristol), when the waiter (a most solid-looking fellow, who won Dan’s heart by his precision and the mathematical exactness of all his movements) brought us up, amongst other good things, fresh butter, prepared in a very curious way. I could not for a long time imagine how they did it. It was in strings, just like vermicelli, and as if tied in some way at the bottom. King George, not poor real King George, but Peter Pindar’s King George, was never more puzzled to know how the apple got into the dumpling; but at last, on applying to the waiter, he told us that it was done by squeezing it through a linen cloth; an excellent plan, particularly in frosty weather, when it is actually impossible to make the butter adhere to the bread on account of its working up with a coat of crumbs on the under side; but that’s true.—Tom Moore—and besides, ‘tis unfashionable now to spread the butter, isn’t it? I’m afraid I *exposed* myself, as they say. Well, we asked the waiter: out came the important question, ‘How far is Sloperton Cottage from Devizes?’ ‘Sloperton, Sir?’ that’s Mr. Moore’s place, Sir; *he’s a poet, Sir.* We do all Mr. Moore’s work. ‘What ought I to have done, L.—?’ To have flung my arms about his neck for knowing so much about Moore, or to have knocked him down for knowing so little? Well, we learned all we wanted to know; and, after making our arrangements for the following day, went to bed and slept soundly. And in the morning it was that we hired the grand cabriolet, and set off to Sloperton; drizzling rain, but a delightful country; such a gentle shower as that through which he looked at Innisfallen—his farewell look. And we drove away until we came to a cottage, a cottage of gentility, with two gateways and

pretty grounds about it, and we alighted and knocked at the hall door; and there was dead silence, and we whispered one another; and my nerves thrilled as the wind rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of—Moore. Oh, L.—there’s no use in talking, but I must be fine. I wonder I ever stood it at all, and I an Irishman, too, and singing his songs since I was the height of my knee.—The Veiled Prophet; Azim; She is far from the Land; Those Evening Bells. But the door opened, and a young woman appeared. ‘Is Mr. Moore at home?’ ‘I’ll see, Sir. What name shall I say, Sir?’ Well, not to be too particular, we were shown up stairs, where we found the nightingale in his cage; in honest language, and more to the purpose, we found our hero in his study, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half open and stuffed with letters, a piano also open at a little distance; and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirit, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions; but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of the ‘Alps in the sunset;’ not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole cut of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor’s affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without some gentlemen’s formality; in a word, as people say when they find their brains begin to run aground at the fog end of a magnificent period, we found him a hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman, as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so. And is this enough? And need I tell you that the day was spent delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests, and admirable stories and beautiful similes—beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs and anecdotes, that would make the Danes laugh? and how we did all we could, I believe, to get him to stand for Limerick; and how we called again the day after, and walked with him about his little garden; and how he told us that he always went walking, and how we came in again and took luncheon, and how I was near forgetting that it was Friday (which you know I am rather apt to do in pleasant company), and how he walked with us through the fields, and wished us a ‘good-bye,’ and left us to do as well as we could without him.”

A tour in Scotland is journalized in a style no less lively: and yet it was on his return from this, that Mr. Griffin announced to his family, his intention of retiring from the world. His tender conscience had become impressed with the idea of his unworthiness for the priesthood, and in place of attempting its duties, he resolved on joining the Christian Brotherhood, who devote themselves incessantly to the humbler task of instructing the poor. This purpose he carried into effect in the autumn of 1838. But the conflict, or the repose, in whichever light we are to view his retreat, did not last long. He was seized with typhus fever in the second year of his novitiate; and his weakened frame offering small resistance to the malady, he died on the evening of Friday the 12th of June, 1840.

Quarterly Papers on Architecture. Part I. 4to. Weale.

A new Quarterly, devoted exclusively to original papers on architecture, in the various branches of study comprehended under that art. As regards externals, the work is unusually prepossessing, being got up in a very handsome manner. Ten years ago there was not a single architectural periodical; for the first of the class, *Louder’s Magazine*, did not commence till 1831. That magazine, since discontinued, has been succeeded by three or four others, yet while these serve to show the demand that exists for such journals, they are, for the most part, mere journals affording matter-of-fact information;—nor do we say this by way of reproach, for we rather wish that more matter of that kind, especially in regard to architecture,

could be found in them. Mr. Weale's 'Quarterly,' therefore, neither interferes with existing architectural periodicals, nor is it interfered with or forestalled by them. Instead of trespassing upon their grounds, it has a domain of its own, and one of considerable extent. Still, with every wish for its ultimate success, we cannot say that this first Part is quite so attractive as it might have been. The leading, and by very far the longest, article, "an Essay on those powers of the mind which have reference to Architectural Study and Design," is one hardly to be judged of from a mere perusal. Highly creditable as it is to its author, Mr. George Moore, it is too abstruse, and deals too much in abstractions; and while there is somewhat more than enough about "Parthenon" and "Pantheon," there is no exemplification of the principles sought to be established, derived from modern buildings, whether in regard to beauties arising from the observance, or defects from the neglect of them. There are, besides, not only various degrees, but even different modes in which the same general qualities, or what are considered such, manifest themselves; and others almost as innumerable as they are indefinable, which, though they operate imperceptibly, may in some cases be more influential than those primary qualities which are almost at once recognizable. Any theory, therefore, which refers everything to these last, and takes no notice of more recondite and latent influences, must, even though correct, be imperfect, and still leave us a great deal unaccounted for. Accordingly, though speculation of the kind may have its value; and be useful to a certain extent, it is nearly useless as regards practical application. The office of criticism is to explain, and to render us the more keenly sensible to beauties which already exist; but it cannot pretend, otherwise than by vague hints and suggestions, to direct us to those which lie buried in the unfathomed possibilities of art. No one has yet discovered the power of transmuting precepts and rules into inspirations of genius. In every true work of art, there is always more or less of that felicitous *non so che* which is altogether incommunicable, and which cannot be repeated at will even by him who has achieved it. We do not, however, mean to say that theoretical criticism is profitless, or that this "Essay" may not be studied to advantage; but it requires to be deliberately studied, and for that reason we question if it were altogether judicious to make it the leading article in the first number of a periodical.

The next article, which gives an account of the "Deptford, Greenwich, and Woolwich Union Poor House," is in strange contrast with the preceding, for, in regard to design, the building seems intended to serve as a pattern for ugliness; and it unluckily happens to be the only architectural design in this the first number—at all events, the plans would have been quite sufficient, to show the arrangement and accommodation, which constitute the sole claims which the building has to notice.

The third paper is of interest as a contribution to architectural biography. The subject is W. Vitruvius Morrison, son of the present Sir Richard Morrison, of Dublin. As an architect, Mr. Morrison, we are told, had the merit of being the first to introduce the Tudor style into Ireland, for mansions and private residences; and is said to have been particularly attentive to keeping up character throughout and in every respect, not as regards the house alone, but furniture and other accessories within, and the gardens and grounds without. No information, however, is afforded as to any particular instances, for though there is a list of his principal buildings, it is a mere list, without any thing amounting to description.

The two other subjects—for articles they cannot very well be termed, consist of specimens of stained glass, printed in colours; and of carvings and other details of the primitive timber architecture of Norway; all of which are curious, and some of them not devoid of taste.

The H— Family. By Frederika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish. Smith.

HERE—forming part of 'Smith's Standard Library'—comes the reprint of another of the American translations which will so sadly disconcert the arrangements of Miss Bremer's first English chaperon. On the whole, and after a second reading, 'The H— Family' seems to us the most unequal of the Swedish novels. The finely discriminated nature of what may be called Miss Bremer's level characters makes us all the more impatient of the high-flown personages and scenes she falsely imagines it necessary to introduce. Could our remonstrances reach Stockholm, we would have no more blind girls, such as Elizabeth, with her almost demoniacal passion and its frightful disclosure,—no more such wives for eldest sons as the Italian maiden in the forest house, drinking tea out of "Rorstrand's coarsest ware" (the commonest Swedish crockery), and yet decked out in a white crape robe and a golden arrow; while, on the other hand, we would welcome as many Beata Everydays, and Bobina Bults, and red-nosed custom-house officers, and Lieut. Arwids, and Professor L—s, as Miss Bremer will send us. Her variety, as we said some five weeks ago, seems without stint; she has no need of the spasms and trickeries by which poorer novelists conceal their weakness of invention.

This petition respectfully laid on Miss Bremer's writing-desk, we have now to draw upon 'The H— Family' for such sketches as do the heart good by their truth and feeling. The very beginning of the story has a humanity in it, which Sterne rarely reached with twice the effort.

"About the end of February, in the year 1829, I found myself at the barrier one evening, awaiting the compulsory visit of the Custom-house officer, who was to admit me into the Swedish capital. It was amid a violent drifting of snow, and in a small open sleigh, I sat there, frozen, tired, and sleepy, no very enviable situation, as my fair and gentle readers will allow. My poor steed, who had a cold, coughed and sneezed. The servant who drove my sleigh beat his arms across his body to warm himself; the storm howled, and the snow drifted about us. I closed my eyes and waited, as I have often done in snow-storms, within as well as out of the house; and this I have always found the best way, if one cannot escape such evils. At last I heard the slow steps on the crackling snow. The officer approached with his lantern. He had a red nose, and appeared unhappy. I held a gold piece in my hand, and was desirous of transferring it unperceived into his, that I might secure for myself a quiet and an undisturbed ride. He drew his hand back. 'It is not necessary,' said he, dryly, but politely. 'I will not give you much inconvenience,' continued he, while he began to examine my carpet bag, and look over my packages. I found myself compelled, not without vexation, to alight. Out of humour, and with some malicious pleasure, I put my money back into my reticule, and thought, 'Well, well, he is too proud to take anything for his trouble.'"

It appeared, in answer to questions, that this pearl of custom-house officers was a poor man with four children. We must give the sequel:

"After the inspector had convinced himself that a goodly variety of cheeses, loaves of bread, and ginger cakes, made up the principal part of the lading of the sleigh, he replaced everything in the neatest order, gave me his hand to assist me into it, and carefully tucked the furs about me. My ill-humour had vanished long ago. Is it, thought I, the fault of the poor inspector, that he is the plague and torment of travellers? This one, certainly, has performed his duty

in the most civil manner. And while he went on to restore everything to its place, carefully and conscientiously, various considerations arose in my mind which disposed me to still more kindness. The red, frozen nose, the depressed expression of countenance, the stiff fingers, the poor children, the snow-storm, the dark dismal evening, all these passed before me like the shadows in a camera obscura, and my heart was quite softened by them. I felt again after the piece of money. I thought of some gingerbread and a cheese for the four children's supper; but while I was feeling, and while I was thinking, the man opened the bar, took off his hat politely, and I quickly passed through the gateway. I would have cried out 'Halt!' but I did not. With an oppressed heart and uncomfortable feelings, as if I had lost something valuable on the way, I proceeded through the city, and saw in the white snow-flakes before me as in a transparency, the frozen red nose and sad face, on which I might so easily, at least for a moment, have called up a cheerful look."

The lady who has spoken in the above extract, is a sort of Swedish Miss Becky Duguid, with a touch of poetry in her nature not owned by her Scottish prototype. And, by the way, the skill with which this is always kept in sight, without the slightest intrusion of fustian or sentiment, is enough in itself to establish the authoress as an artist of the highest order. Has not she looked in the glass for her original? Beata, as we have seen her, was on her way to assist at a wedding in the H— family, and to do her part in reconciling the tender-sensitized bride to be happy without questioning the future over curiously. We must say that Emily's struggles with herself tease rather than interest us; and we only exhibit her to our fair readers in the crisis of her malady, in the hope that they will take warning by the catastrophe, and behave better when their time comes.

"Some one now came in, and said the stairs and entry were full of people who wished to see the bride. A new trial for the timid Emily. She stood up, but quickly sat down again, and grew pale. 'Cologne water, Cologne water!' cried Julia to me; 'she looks pale, she is fainting.' 'Water!' cried the Colonel in a thundering tone. The tutor seized up the tea-kettle, and rushed forward. I do not know whether it was this sight, or the reaction of her spirits, but it had the effect of restoring Emily from her weakness; she arose quickly, and accompanied by her sisters went out, while she threw a glance of uneasiness and discontent towards Algernon, who stood immovable at some distance, and looked at her with an unusual, almost severe earnestness. 'Are you mad?' cried Uncle P., in a half whisper, as he pulled the arm of the master, who was still standing there, his eyes wandering, and the tea-kettle in his hand. The master in alarm turned hastily round, and knocked down the little Thickkeys like two pins thrown over by the ball. The kettle slipped in his hand, burnt his fingers, and he let it fall, with a cry of pain, upon the unfortunate boys, over whose immovable bodies a cloud of steam arose. If the moon had fallen, greater confusion could not have been enacted, than was at the first moment produced by this catastrophe of the kettle. Axel and Claes made no noise, and their mother began to fear it was all over with them. But after Algernon and the Colonel had raised them up and shaken them, it was apparent they were all alive. They had been so surprised and frightened, that in the first moment they could neither move nor speak. Fortunately, the hot water which was spilled upon them mostly came upon their clothes, and it was beside pretty well cooled, as tea had been over for half an hour. Only one spot on Axel's forehead, and one on the left hand of Claes, required treatment. The master was in despair, the children cried, they were carried to bed, and I promised as soon as I had time, to come and see them. The amiable disposition of Madame H., which would never allow her quietly to see a troubled face, led her to console the master. She succeeded in so doing by making him observe with what real Spartan spirit the boys had received the first shock, and by declaring that she considered it a decided proof of the excellent education he was giving them. The master was very happy,

and grew quite excited, and said while he drew himself up, that he hoped to make real Spartans out of the lady's promising boys. The lady hoped this newly invented shower-bath of hot water might not be tried again, but she kept her hopes to herself. Meantime the exhibition of the bride had ended; and Emily, exhausted, had left the room, where according to the old and singular Swedish custom, it had been necessary for her to show herself to a multitude of curious and indifferent people."

Once married, no one could do more credit to her education than Emily, with the aid of a touch of domestic Machiavelism from Julia, worth imparting to bridesmaids:—

"The following day was full of consolation for Julia. Emily was gayer; and, happy to be able to receive her parents and brothers and sisters in her own house, she busied herself with unrestrained care and with heartiness to entertain them well. The Colonel had all his favourite dishes at dinner, and joy sparkled from Emily's eyes, when her father a second time asked for some turtle soup, and added, 'It is very excellent!' Her mother was not a little satisfied with the arrangement of the meal, and with the preparations; she stared a little anxiously at a pudding which had somewhat of a ruin on one side, but Julia quickly and unobserved turned the dish round, and the good lady, who was somewhat shortsighted, thought the fault was in her own eyes, and was quiet."

There is a larger amount of cookery than usual in this 'H— Family,' and *apropos* of this, we may advert to a second pair of lovers. The gentleman is one of the characters in whom Miss Bremer delights: a young soldier, as beautiful as Adonis, and with a voice as "musical as is Apollo's lute," since it makes a stupid exclamation fascinating for a while to the ears of the gifted and faëry Julia. Excellent is Lieutenant Arwid, her betrothed! sufficient to her happiness when they are in town together, and he has the nothings of polite society to retail to her, but becoming progressively wearisome when they get out to Thorsborg. Colonel H—'s country seat. There this dull mortal finds no pleasure save in sleeping on a sofa, however "stimulating" (as the American said) be the conversation passing round him. At length the fair Julia becomes so impatient of dreaming in his company, and her ire is so justly aggravated by his preferring the smell of hot cutlets in the house, enjoyed alone, to the "incense airs from beds of flowers" on a summer's evening, in her company, that she determines to break her engagement: a serious thing to achieve, it appears, in Sweden, and in her case only to be brought about by Miss Bremer's art. For the manner in which the same is exhibited, we must refer to the work.

We could go on lecturing from this lesson to young ladies, and guessing what the happy pairs we take leave of at its close are now doing, an hour by "Shrewsbury clock," so pleasantly is the circle of our acquaintance enlarged by its means. Enough, however, has been said to recommend the tale. As we have not hitherto noticed one of Miss Bremer's excellencies, we must repair the omission ere our article is closed: this is the care bestowed on her secondary figures. The musical family D—, whose skill in performance and in French are alike so wonderful,—the two children, Claes and Axel, with their mining experiments, and their master Nup, who, while reading, burnt his hair four times on the same evening, are life itself. We have already given in our adherence to the Provost's widow, Madame Bobina, of whom we have too passing a glimpse in the closing chapter. May these not be the last, by a hundred, of the odd and worthy men and the brave housewives who shall be made known to us—an honour to Sweden—by their still more honourable countrywoman, Frederika Bremer!

Chaplain's Report on the Preston House of Correction, presented to the Visiting Justices at the October Sessions, 1843. Preston, Clarke.

WE always turn to Mr. Clay's Report with interest and anxiety. Let all who consider its melancholy iteration as tedious or painful, remember the necessity which exists for making known the extent of intellectual darkness and moral depravity by which we are surrounded, that society may exert itself for their removal. We have at length reason to hope that instruction and discipline have not been without their beneficial influences: it appears that, but for the unfortunate riots in August, 1842, the criminality of the year would have been less than that of the preceding by about twenty per cent., and that the frequency of *relapse* into crime has greatly diminished. Other facts of interest and importance may also be gleaned from this Report. We constantly hear poverty described as the mother of crime, and are ourselves by no means accustomed to underrate its influences; yet it appears from the official returns that 1404 males and 2146 females received out-of-door relief within the Preston Union, thus proving that, *as suffering distress*, the females are to the males nearly as two to one; while as guilty of dishonesty, *the reverse exists in the proportion of more than six and a half to one!* Another fact, and of great interest, is recorded by this shrewd observer and benevolent man:—

"It is one of the greatest disadvantages attached to the condition of the working classes that there are so few places calculated to afford them healthy and innocent recreation. A few years ago, when an exhibition of natural curiosities, works of art, &c., was open to them in Preston, *the public-houses were deserted.*"

How often have we sought to impress this truth on the public?—how often have we suggested the beneficial consequences that would result from like exhibitions in London?—(see *ante*, p. 264, and other places).

The amount of ignorance will appear to many persons wholly incredible. Could it be believed that sixty-two per cent. of those committed could not read, seventeen per cent. could only read, and twenty per cent. read and write badly—that forty-three per cent. of the male and female prisoners "were ignorant of the Saviour's name"—that some had never even heard of the Duke of Wellington, and though they seemed more familiar with the name of Nelson, they did not know whether he was dead or alive?—

"The following is a literal account of part of a conversation held with a young man of twenty-one, which I give as furnishing a specimen of the unintelligence which I have, too often, met with. 'Did you ever hear tell of the Duke of Wellington?' 'No,—but I *seed* his *shape* once.' 'Did you see it over a public-house door?' 'No; I *seed* it ridin' on a jack-ass, with a pair o'awl boots on, and a pipe in his mouth.' 'And where did this happen?' 'Why at Marsden;—where, as I subsequently gathered, this effigy of his grace had been paraded on the occasion of some political excitement.'"

Surely with such facts before them, Churchmen and Dissenters will hereafter agree, that any Education Bill is better than none at all.

We have before alluded to the improved discipline in the Preston House of Correction, and after reading the following statement our readers will agree with us, that it was needed:—

"The discipline in the Preston House of Correction has been gradually improved for some years past; but within the last eighteen months its progress towards complete efficiency has been very great. The management now, compared to the strange kind of imprisonment once existing,—it can scarcely be said, *within* the jail, presents a remarkable contrast. There are gentlemen now in the magistracy who recollect the time when it was *usual* to hire felons under sentence, to act as labourers in the neighbouring factories;

and it is within their knowledge that a man convicted of felony, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, was employed, during the whole of that term, *in the capacity of gardener at the residence of a gentleman within two miles of the town*: this 'prisoner at large' merely coming home in the evenings to sleep. Long after such extraordinary laxity had disappeared, it still continued an almost daily practice to send prisoners into the town for weaving materials, &c., in the society,—rather than in the custody,—of an officer. I have known, too, as a proceeding indeed which was of common occurrence until the establishment of the county constabulary, prisoners brought to the jail in charge of coachmen, carriers, and carters; and sometimes, in order to avoid unnecessary expense, the services even of these special constables have been dispensed with, and prisoners have arrived at the jail in no custody *but their own*; and have surrendered themselves to the prison authorities by virtue of the commitments carried in their own pockets! This may now occasion a smile; but it implied a sad absence of discipline; for it showed that the prison did not possess its proper terrors for the idle and depraved."

We shall leave the facts here adduced to their just and natural influence.

Statesmen of the Reign of George III. Third Series. By Lord Brougham.

(Concluding Notice.)

HAVING got rid of Lord Brougham and his pamphleteering, we shall repose for a few columns on a reminiscence, contributed by Earl Stanhope, of—

Fouché Duke of Otranto.

"I formed his acquaintance at Dresden, where he arrived about November, 1815, as French Minister, but in a sort of honourable exile; and he told me that the Duke of Wellington had advised him not to accept that mission, saying, 'You will get into a hole which you will never be able to leave.' He afterwards expressed to me his regret at not having followed that advice, and his opinion that the anticipation was realized by the event. From an exaggerated opinion, both of his own importance and of the malice of his enemies, he had left Paris in disguise, and was so apprehensive of being recognized, that when he met his wife on the road he would not acknowledge her. He had remained some weeks at Brussels, and carried on a correspondence with the Duke of Wellington and others, but, after receiving from the French government a peremptory order to repair to his post, he continued his journey under the name of M. Durand, marchand de vin, till he came to Leipzig, where he resumed his own name. He was accompanied by his wife, who was of the family of Castellane, and related, as he said, to the Bourbons, with four children by his former marriage, by an eldest son who appeared to be of weak intellect, and who became remarkable for his avarice, by two other sons who, even in their childhood, exhibited a strong disposition to cruelty, by a daughter, and by a very intriguing governess, Mdlle. Ribaud. He had been early in life a professor in the Oratoire, and it was said very truly at Dresden that he had '*le visage d'un moine, et la voix d'un mort*,' and, as he was for some time the only foreign minister at that court, that he appeared 'like the ghost of the departed corps diplomatique.' His countenance showed great intelligence, and did not indicate the cunning by which he was eminently distinguished; his manner was calm and dignified, and he had, either from nature or from long habit, much power of self-possession. When I announced to him the execution of Marshal Ney, of which by some accident I had received the earliest information, his countenance never changed. He appeared to be nearly sixty years of age, and his hair had become as white as snow, in consequence of his having according to his own expression, '*sleep* upon the guillotine for twenty-five years.' His conversation was very animated and interesting, but it related chiefly to events in which he had been an actor, and his inordinate vanity induced him to say: 'I am not a king, but I am more illustrious than any of them.' His statements did not deserve implicit credence, and I may mention as an instance his bold denial that during the whole course of his long administration as

Minister of Police, any letter had ever been opened at the post-office."

"Amongst a great number of anecdotes which he related to me, there were two that exhibited in a very striking manner the fertility of his resources when he acted on his own theatre, though, as I shall afterwards show, he appeared utterly helpless amidst the difficulties which he encountered at Dresden. While he was on a mission to the newly-established Cisalpine Republic, he received orders from the French Directory to require the removal of some functionaries who were obnoxious to the Austrian government. He refused to comply, and stated in his answer that those functionaries were attached to France; that the ill-will with which they were viewed by the Austrian government was not a reason for the French government to demand their dismissal; that, according to intelligence which had reached him, Austrian troops were advancing, and that the war would be renewed. The orders were reiterated without effect, and one morning he was informed that an agent of the Directory was arrived at his house, and was accompanied by some gens-d'armes. Fouché desired that the agent might be admitted, and that a message might be sent to his friend General Joubert, who commanded some French troops then stationed in the same town, requesting him to come immediately, and to bring with him a troop of cavalry. The agent delivered to Fouché letters of recall, and showed to him afterwards an order to arrest him and to conduct him to Paris. Fouché made some observations to justify himself till the arrival of Joubert with the cavalry was announced, when he altered his tone, and told the agent: 'You talk of arresting me, and it is in my power to arrest you.' Joubert said, on entering the room, 'Me voilà avec mes dragons, mon cher ami; que puis-je faire à votre service?' and Fouché replied: 'Ce drôle-là veut m'arrêter.' 'Comment!' exclaimed Joubert, 'dans ce cas-là je le taillerais en mille pièces.' The agent excused himself as being obliged to execute the orders which he had received, and was dismissed by Fouché with the remark, 'Vous êtes un sot; allez tranquillement à votre hôtel.' When he had retired, Fouché observed that the Directory was not respected either at home or abroad, that it would therefore be easy to overthrow the Government, and that Joubert might obtain high office if he would assist in the undertaking. Joubert answered that he was merely a soldier, and that he did not wish to meddle in politics; but he granted Fouché's request of furnishing him with a military escort to provide for his safety till he reached Paris. On the road he prepared an address to the Council of Five Hundred, which was calculated to be very injurious, and perhaps fatal, to the government. When he arrived at Paris he called on each of the Directors, but was not admitted, and he expressed to me his conviction that he should have been arrested the next morning if he had not immediately insisted upon having an audience with Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. Fouché, after defending his conduct, said that he considered it his duty, before he presented his address, to show it to Talleyrand, who no sooner read it than he saw its dangerous tendency, and the whole extent of the mischief to which it might lead. He told Fouché: 'I perceive that there has been a misunderstanding, but everything may be arranged;' and added, 'the post of Minister to the Batavian Republic is now vacant, and perhaps you would be willing to accept it.' Fouché, who perceived that the other was intimidated, determined to avail himself of the advantage which he had acquired, and replied that his honour and character had been attacked, that immediate reparation was necessary, and that his credentials must be prepared in the course of the night, in order that he might the next day depart on his mission. This request having been granted, Fouché proceeded to state that his journey to Paris had been very expensive; that he had, through his abrupt departure from the Cisalpine Republic, lost several valuable presents which he would have received; and that his new mission required another outlay, for all of which he demanded an order for the immediate payment of two hundred thousand francs by the national treasury. Talleyrand gave the order without hesitation; and Fouché, who had arrived in disgrace, if not in great danger, departed the next morning as a minister plenipotentiary with a considerable sum of money. After Napoleon, on his return from Elba,

had made such progress as alarmed the French government, Monsieur, afterwards Charles X., sent a message to Fouché requesting a meeting with him in the Tuileries. Fouché declined it, saying that as the circumstances would be known, it would place his conduct in a very ambiguous light, and he then received another message proposing to meet him at the house of a third party. To this proposal Fouché assented, on the condition that the interview should take place in the presence of witnesses, two of whom should attend on each side. On such an occasion any questions of etiquette must have appeared of very subordinate importance, the condition was accepted, and in the interview, which lasted several hours and till long after midnight, Fouché was offered the appointment of Police, the title of Prince, and the decoration of the St. Esprit. Fouché replied that the advance of Napoleon was the natural and necessary consequence of the general discontent which prevailed; that no human power could prevent his arrival at Paris; that Fouché's acceptance of office under such circumstances might create an impression of his having betrayed a sovereign whom he ought faithfully to serve; and that he was therefore obliged to reject the offers which in the course of the conversation were repeatedly pressed on his acceptance. It seemed to be supposed by the French Government that the refusal of such offers was an indication of attachment to Napoleon, and the next morning, when Fouché was in his carriage, at a short distance from his own house, he was stopped 'in the name of the King,' by an officer of police, attended by gens-d'armes. Fouché desired them to accompany him to his house, when, on getting out of the carriage, he demanded the production of the warrant by which he was arrested; and on its being shown to him, he threw it on the ground, exclaiming, 'It is a forgery; that is not the King's signature.' The officer of police, astounded by the effrontery with which Fouché spoke, allowed him to enter the house, when he made his escape through the garden, and went to the Princesse de Vaudremont, who concealed him till the return of Napoleon. Mlle. Ribaud, the governess, sent a message to the National Guards requesting their immediate attendance, and conducted through the house the officer of police, as he told her that he had orders to take possession of Fouché's papers. His bureaux, &c. were searched, but nothing of any importance was found in them, and Mlle. Ribaud when passing through her own room drew a trunk from beneath her bed, and, taking a key out of her pocket, offered to show her clothes to the officer of police, who said that he had no wish to give her that trouble. It was, however, in that trunk that Fouché's important papers were deposited. In the meantime the National Guards had arrived, and after they were harangued by Mlle. Ribaud on the merits and services of Fouché, and on the insult and injustice with which he had been treated, they drove away the gens-d'armes who attended the officer of police.

"Fouché, who after the return of Napoleon was re-appointed Minister of Police, was asked by him whether it was not very desirable to obtain the services of Talleyrand, who was then one of the French ambassadors at Vienna. Certainly, replied Fouché; and Napoleon then said, 'What do you think of sending to him a handsome snuff-box?' Fouché was aware of the extreme absurdity of endeavouring to bribe a minister, who was supposed to be rapacious, by a present which, as a matter of course, he had received on the conclusion of every treaty, observed, if a snuff-box were sent to Talleyrand, he should open it to see what it contained. 'What do you mean?' inquired Napoleon. 'It is idle,' replied Fouché, 'to talk of sending to him a snuff-box. Let an order for two millions of francs be sent to him, and let one half of the sum be payable on his return to France.' 'No,' said Napoleon, 'that is too expensive, and I shall not think of it.' When Napoleon determined to hold the Assembly of the *Champ de Mai*, he convened his Council of State, and read to them the speech which he intended to deliver on that occasion. Some of the members expressed their entire and unqualified approbation, and others suggested a few verbal alterations; but Fouché, when it came to his turn, said that he disapproved of it both in its form and in its substance, and then strung together some of the commonplace phrases with which his ordinary conversation so much

abounded, that 'truth must be heard,' that 'illusions could no longer prevail,' &c. One of the Councillors having remarked that a written document would be very desirable for the discussion, Fouché produced the speech which he had prepared. It stated that the Allied Powers had declared war not against France but against Napoleon; that if they were sincere in their professions, they would guarantee to France her independence, and the free choice of her own government, and that he would in that case abdicate the throne; but that if such a guarantee were refused, it would be a proof that they were insincere, and that he would then ask permission to place himself at the head of the French armies in order to defend the honour of the country. Napoleon made no observation; but, calling the Councillors to him in succession, and whispering a few words to each of them, they rejected the proposal. He must have perceived that the Allies, who viewed with anxiety and mistrust the mighty conflict in which they were about to engage, would have granted the guarantee which was required; that he should have been obliged to abdicate; and that a Republic would have been established in which Fouché hoped and expected to acquire more power than he had yet possessed. Napoleon had on a former occasion removed Fouché from office, and reproached him with his insatiable ambition, saying, 'You might always have been minister, but you aspired to be more, and I will not suffer you to become a Cardinal Richelieu.' The Memoirs which after Fouché's death were published under his name do not appear to be authentic, and the statements contained in them differ in many respects from those which I received from him, but neither the one nor the other may have been founded in truth. He read to me occasionally some detached passages, which he composed without any reference to chronological order, but as the circumstances occurred to his mind, and according to his original plan, which he communicated to me in a letter. He intended to divide his narrative into the following parts:—La 1^{re} explique la révolution qui a fait passer la France de l'antique monarchie à la république; la 2^e celle qui a fait passer la France de la république à l'Empire de Bonaparte; la 3^e celle qui a fait passer la France de cet Empire à la Royauté des Bourbons; la 4^e partie dira la situation de la France et de l'Europe."

"In another letter he states:—'Je travaille huit heures par jour à mon mémoire. Ceux qui croient que ce sont les hommes qui font les révolutions seront étonnés de voir leur origine. J'ai déjà peint le premier tableau des évènements d'où sont sorties nos tempêtes passées. Le pendant de ce tableau sera un assez gros image d'où partira la foudre qui menace notre avenir.' His participation in the atrocities of the Revolution inspired horror at Dresden, where he formed very few acquaintances, and received hardly any visits except from Count Salmar, a Piedmontois, who had known him at Paris, and from General Gaudi, who had been sent by the Prussian Government to negotiate with respect to the line of demarcation of the Saxon provinces which were ceded, and who had received instructions from Prince Hardenberg to see Fouché frequently, and to watch his proceedings. Fouché said to me very often, 'J'ai une folle envie d'écrire, et il faut que j'aile à la campagne;' and I knew that he was not disturbed by many visitors, but I observed to him that he might give directions not to admit them. He replied, 'Ne voyez-vous pas que j'ai une jeune femme, et quand je me pousse en force, je la perds d'une autre manière.' I told him that he might very easily hire one of the country houses which at that time of year were unoccupied; but he said that he should expect the owner to remain there during his residence, and to treat him with the respect and attention which were due to him. He seemed to think that even a stranger would be too happy to accept the proposal, and to have an opportunity of associating with a person who, according to his own opinion, was 'more illustrious' than any king. The confidential communications which he received from Paris were addressed to him under another name, and directed to the care of a pastrycook in that part of the town which lies on the other bank of the Elbe. He preserved his former habits of 'espionnage,' and remarked to me that a person who lived on the opposite side of the street sat close to the window, was much occupied in writing,

was very regular in his habits, &c. He seemed to be amused in watching this unknown individual, who was afterwards discovered to be a spy sent by the French Government to observe Fouché. His ignorance of geography, &c., was really ludicrous. When he heard that Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, he inquired on which side of the Cape it lay; and when he was told by an Englishman that he was going to Hamburg to embark for England, he asked, 'Are you not afraid at this time of year of making a voyage in the Baltic?' The other replied that he did not embark on the Baltic. 'No,' said Fouché, after some consideration, 'you will go by the sea of Denmark.' He was extremely delighted when he was informed that Lavalette had effected his escape by the good offices of Sir Robert Wilson and two other Englishmen, and after making a pompous eulogium on them, he said that although they had been punished by the French Government, they would everywhere be respected and honoured; that their conduct must excite general admiration, &c.; and after a long course of high-flown compliments, he concluded by an anticlimax, 'if they should come here I will even invite them to dinner.' According to a homely expression, 'there was no love lost' between Fouché and Talleyrand. The former said, 'Talleyrand est nul' till after he has drunk a bottle of Madeira; and the latter asked, 'Do you not think that Fouché has very much the air of a country comedian?' Fouché spoke very contemptuously of the late Emperor of Austria, whom he called 'un crétin.' I thought it indiscreet to ask any questions of Fouché on the cruelties of which he was represented to have been guilty at Lyons and at Nantes; but I took an opportunity of mentioning to him that a biographical memoir of him had appeared in the German language. It excited, as I expected that it would, his curiosity, and he requested me to translate it *vis-à-vis*, which I accordingly did; and when the sanguinary scenes of Lyons were noticed he exclaimed, 'I went there to save the inhabitants, all of whom would otherwise have been murdered by Collot d'Herbois. As for Nantes, I never was there.' I remarked to him that the Memoir referred to letters which were signed both by him and by his colleague, and which had been published in the 'Moniteur,' but he replied that it would at that time have been dangerous to disavow them. He had received from the Prince of the Asturias, afterwards Ferdinand VII., during his residence at Valençay, the most servile letters, earnestly entreating that Napoleon would confer upon him the high honour of allowing him to be allied with some relation, however distant, of the Imperial Family. Fouché said that his hand was kissed by the prince whenever he had occasion to see him; and added, 'I washed it afterwards, for he was very dirty.' The intelligence which he received from Paris, through private as well as through public channels, and the hostility which was shown towards the regicides, of whom he was one, rendered him very apprehensive that his property would be confiscated, and he spoke to me frequently upon the subject. He observed that the Charter did not allow confiscation, but added, 'ils ne se gênent pas;' and he proposed to make a nominal sale of his property to me, in order to place it beyond the grasp of the French Government. I objected to it on the ground that it would not be a *bona fide* transaction; but a day or two afterwards I received from him a note, expressing a wish to see me immediately. On going to him, he read to me some papers prepared in technical and legal phraseology, which stated that I had purchased his estates, the annual value of which was, I think, 7000*l.*, and also his house at Paris, with the furniture that it contained. I told him that I had already expressed my disapprobation of the principle on which the transaction would proceed; and I observed to him that the fraud would be discovered, for the French Government would upon inquiry learn from the English ambassador at Paris that I was only an eldest son with a very limited income, and that it was utterly impossible for me to make such purchases. He replied that I might be supposed to have given bonds, or other securities, which were satisfactory to him. I represented to him that the French ambassador in London might by a Bill in Chancery compel me to declare upon oath whether I had or had not purchased his property; and if so, with what funds? And he answered, 'Ces parjures-là ne blessent point la con-

science.' I then said, 'You have already informed me that one half of your property is settled on your children, and the easiest way of placing the whole of it in safety would be to settle the remainder on Madame la Duchesse.' He exclaimed, 'Parbleu, vous avez plus d'esprit que moi, et je ferai venir mon secrétaire sur le champ.' An Act in due form was instantly prepared, and, being registered in Dresden, became the subject of general conversation; but I considered his communications as confidential, and I said nothing as to the suggestion which I had offered, or as to my knowledge of the transaction. He was also very apprehensive as to his personal safety, and said, 'I fear that I may be carried off by some gens d'armes, and that no person will ever hear of me again.' He then asked whether, in the event of his being arrested, he should not request General Gaudi to intercede for him with the prime minister, Count Einsiedel? I answered, that they had no doubt much personal regard for each other, but that in their respective positions it could not be supposed that the former could have any influence with the latter. 'Then,' replied Fouché, 'I will write to the King of Saxony, inquiring what course he will pursue if an order should arrive here for my arrest.' He did so, though he was at that time French plenipotentiary; and he received from Count Einsiedel an answer, informing him that the King would under any circumstances act as became a man of honour.

On one occasion, when he was more than usually disquieted by the information which he had that morning received from Paris, he called on me, and after mentioning that he was in great danger, and that he wished to go into the Prussian dominions, he inquired if I would accompany him thither? I assented; and we went together to General Gaudi, who was not acquainted with the objects and motives of the intended journey, but seemed much astonished when Fouché abruptly said to him, 'You once told me that you have an aunt who is settled in Silesia; and I should like to go and live with her.' General Gaudi replied that his aunt was old and infirm, and not accustomed to company, and that she would not like to see a stranger. Fouché then conversed with General Gaudi on the choice of a residence, and was with great difficulty dissuaded from going to one of the ceded provinces, the governor of which entertained for him the strongest aversion. After we had left General Gaudi, I asked Fouché when he intended to depart? and he answered, 'At twelve o'clock to-night.' I told him that it would have a better appearance if he went by daylight; and, I added, 'You should prepare a passport for yourself.' 'No,' replied Fouché, 'I intend to travel under your passport.' 'How so?' I inquired. 'As your valet-de-chambre,' answered Fouché. I then said that I was willing to accompany him in his quality of French minister, but that I would not convey him under a false character, or smuggle him through the country as if he were contraband goods. He was much displeased, and employed by turns flattery and abuse; but I remained inflexible; and, as I would not accompany him in the manner which he proposed, he determined to remain at Dresden. At length there appeared in France a law, or edict, which allowed the regicides to reside, at their own choice, either in Austria, in Prussia, or in Russia; and the Austrian minister desired Fouché to determine which of them he would prefer. He wished to settle at Berlin, where, as he said, his advice would be very useful; but he found upon inquiry that this would not be permitted, and Breslau was proposed to him for a residence, which he did not approve, and he went into the Austrian dominions—first to Prague, where he lived very obscurely and with great economy—afterwards, and for a short time, to Linz on the Danube; and then to Trieste, where he died. His widow, who had a life-interest in half his property, re-married. His house at Paris was sold to Baron Rothschild; and it was said, but I know not with what truth, that he bequeathed his manuscripts to Louis XVIII."

THE ANNUALS FOR 1844.

It is no safe task to criticize the Illustrations to Heath's *Book of Beauty*—seeing that they are all portraits. Were we to object to this nose, or the other chin—to wonder at a redundancy of tresses—to ask how it is that so many short-

facéd beauties find themselves assembled in one given book—affectionate relatives and friends might be pained, when our intention was to admonish the artists. For what beauty-painter could be cynical enough to exaggerate the peculiarities of the Hebes and Dianas and Minervas, who are willing to oblige the public through his unworthy agency? Let, then, brown and fair be passed by in admiring silence: while, unwilling to deal in Iago's vein with contemporary lilies and roses, we perform the easier task of applying the standard of perfection to more mortal prose and verse. This, it needs not be added, is, as far as the Gift-books are concerned, "a sliding scale." We do not look for Byrons and Shelleys and Moores in the pleasant rhymesters whom year by year Lady Blessington so skillfully assembles. Nor is her *cento* of tales, daintily worded though these be, quite a new Decameron. But, drolling apart, the letter-press of these books is good and pretty. The garland of fugitive verse, which the series could now furnish, besides many a gay and scented window flower, would show also its sturdier plants, though, to bring these into a requisite harmony they were planted, after the Chinese fashion, in porcelain vases. We shall presently give a specimen from the *Keepsake*, in proof of our assertion. In the meanwhile, let those who busy themselves with the social position of what Jonathan Oldbuck called "the Womankind," settle accounts with Mr. R. M. Milnes, for the following view, through a rose-coloured veil, of

The Harcourt.

Behind the lattice closely laced
With flagree of choice design,—
Behind the veil whose depth is traced
By many a complicated line,—
Behind the lofty garden-wall
Where stranger face can ne'er surprise,
That inner world her all-in-all,
The Eastern woman lives and dies.

Husband and children round her draw
The narrow circle where she rests;—
His will the single perfect law—
That scarce with choice her mind molests,
Their birth and tutelage the ground
And meaning of her life on earth,
She knows not elsewhere could be found
The measure of a woman's worth.

If young and beautiful, she dwells
An idol in a secret shrine,
Where one high priest alone dispels
The solitude of charms divine.
And in his happiness she lives,
And in his honour has her own,
And dreams not that the love she gives
Can be too much for him alone.

Within the gay kiosk reclined
Above the scent of lemon groves,
Where bubbling fountains woo the wind,
And birds make music of their loves,
She lives a kind of fairy life,
In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,
Unconscious of the outer strife
That wears the palpitating hours.

And, when maturer duties rise
In pleasures' and in passions' place,—
Her dutieous loyalty supplies
The presence of departed grace;
So hopes she by untiring faith
To win the bliss, to share with him
Those glories of celestial youth
That Time can never taunt or dim.

Thus in the ever closed harem,
As in the open western home,
Sheds womanhood her starry gleam
Over our being's busy foam.
Through latitudes of varying faith,
Thus trace we still her mission sure,
To lighten life, to sweeten death,
And all for others to endure.

Then follow two awful verses describing Man's despotic supremacy, which we are too generous to quote, satisfied with the moral of the whole, as under:—

Then let the moralist, who best
Honours the female heart that blends
The deep affections of the West,
With thoughts of Life's sublimest end,
Ne'er to the Eastern home deny
Its lesser, yet not humble praise,
To guard one pure humanity
Amid the stains of evil days.

Never, we imagine, have the *yashmac* and the *arabak* been so plausibly defended:—Mr. Milnes must surely aspire to be the modern Hafiz, as well as the modern Chaucer. We had marked for another extract Sir E. L. Bulwer's 'Content and Desire'; but, on returning to it, its mysticism somewhat cooled our first admiration. Mr. W. S. Landor has some lines to Lady Charles Beauclerk, terse as a monumental inscription, but tender and elegant as some old Provençal *lai*; Mr. Hallam, a somewhat Johnsonian tribute to another fair lady; Horace Smith, a sensible "copy of verses" on a like subject; Barry Cornwall, a snatch of song worth a score of such personalities. "The sex" speaks for itself through the Editor, Mrs. Torre Holme and Mrs. Garrow, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and others. But, with all deference to their graces (not airs), we are inclined to think that the 'Book of Beauty' is this year surpassed by

The Keepsake.—The illustrations of this twelvemonth are better than has been usual of late years. Mr. C. Heath's name is affixed to several of the plates; and 'The Anglers,' 'The Coquette,' and 'The Gleaners,' are among his best efforts. Redgrave's 'Daily Teacher,' a gracefully modest portrait by Chalon; and the 'Queen of the Belgians,' after one of Sir William Ross's excellent miniatures, are all attractive. Then for contributors, Lady Blessington has gathered a sketch by Capt. Marryat, a story of a picture by Mr. Westmacott, jun., with much lively and various prose and verse; among which it were shame to pass 'The Ghost of the Private Theatricals,' a tale of terror so well told, that we incline to ask whether it be original or a translation. Nor can we overlook Barry Cornwall's pæan to Lady Sale, which is excellent, all but the last stanza,—the name not lending itself kindly to the uses of poetry. This, by the way, is one of the racier and more manly contributions indicated awhile since. Another, which will be a greater novelty, and, we should think, will startle a round hundred at least of aristocratic readers in their country houses, is

A Word in Season.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

They have a superstition in the East,
That ALLAH, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unctious than can come of priest,
Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper:
Holding that any scrap which bears that name,
In any characters, its front impress on.
Shall help the finder through the purging flame,
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.
Accordingly they make a mighty fuss
With every wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard the leaves; for they are not like us,
A highly civilized and thinking nation;
And always stooping in the mazy ways
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.
So I have known a country on the earth,
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth,
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters;
And yet, where they who should have opened the door
Of charity and light, for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar-floor,
And rent The Book, in struggles for the binding.
The gentlest man among these pious Turks
God's living image ruthlessly defaces:
Their best high churchman, with no faith in works,
Bowstrings the Virtues in the market-places.
The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse,
(They curse all other men, and curse each other.)
Does thro' the world, not very much the worse—
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

Taken in conjunction with Mr. Milnes's 'Hareem,' this poem is noticeable as an illustration of the different modes in which human tolerance may utter its large thoughts of benevolence. After such a reality, we can have nothing to do with *boudoir* verses. For like reasons, and having given the reader enough from the Gift-books of 1844, for one dessert,—we shall reserve *The Picturesque Annual*, with M. Jules Janin's 'Summer in Paris,' for another sitting.

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METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

"A tree is a nobler object than a prince in his coronation robes."—Pope.
"A jet d'eau is a nobler object than a princess in her coronation jewels."—Anon.

EVERY successive summer, we have remarked, there is a cry to heaven, (as for water in the Great Desert,) raised in this wilderness of Sin, London, for fountains, baths, jets, pumps, crystal-dropping basins and silver-flowing kennels; but, like any other summer fashion, though all the rage then, it never lasts beyond the season. We do not mean to laugh at a cry so well founded, which only appears ridiculous when, from a howl almost loud enough to frighten the sun out of the firmament, it dwindles into utter silence. But neither can we laud such deciduous patriotism. Real public spirit, instead of pairing-off with the Dog-star, would still burn as bright as before,—instead of making just three months' hubbub per annum, would continue a temperate firm demand until the object was attained. Let us keep up a little mild clamour about it, since the first cool blast has frozen the lips of our summer-patriots thereupon. We have slender hopes indeed that Government will establish a *jet d'eau* beside each lamp-post, or the Lord Mayor with his magic wand strike a river of life and health from every second flag-stone; but

something towards a sanatory system, by means of aqueous supplies proportional to this immense town's consumptive powers, may be accomplished, or at least attempted. It is singular how much more timid and circumspect and sluggish men are in doing good than evil. The most luxurious capital on the face of the globe wants the greatest of all luxuries—water! the people who most plume themselves on their superfluous comforts want the simplest of all conveniences—water! No marvel if mad dogs abound, when hydrophobia prevails among men themselves! Englishmen can find a way to transport the means of drunkenness—of drenching their insides—from France and Portugal, yet not the means of cleanliness from the next shire! But a combination of other rustic features with aquatic would prove, we think, as salutiferous as ornamental to a large town like London, and are more indispensable the larger it becomes. We would lift up our voices for a few Oases amidst the labyrinthine tracts of livid mud and masses of red brick which constitute our endless, or so far forth, Eternal City—the preservation and improvement of those few green spots already existing, the creation of more—whereby to refresh both sight and spirit, to be the lungs and spiracles and air-cells, of our giant metropolises. We do not, however, contend for "hanging gardens" in this Modern Babylon, not even for circuses and campuses and stadia and naumachia, as in Ancient Rome; no more than we do for an *Aqua-Vergine* at Seven Dials, or *Antonine thermæ* at Cold-Bath Fields, or for Sadler's Wells being expanded into a *Lake Maris*. As there is a medium between hydrophobia and hydromania, there is one between childish "babbles about green fields," and a love of hollow brick-stacks, called houses, street after street without cessation. A Frenchman once offered the politest suggestion—whether in our island we had not *trop de verdure*; with a Frenchman, too much verdure may be a fault even in "*la campagne*," but he could hardly find that fault in our great towns and cities. Beyond all, London, from its present and prospective vastness should have, we repeat, numerous little Goshens interspersed throughout its area, wherever and whenever they are practicable. Instead of which observe what the great Logothetes of Lincoln's Inn have decided on,—blocking up the one open side of Lincoln's-Inn Fields with a huge and heavy morose brick library! disfiguring the beautiful broad green esplanade that lent such a bright aspect to their Cimmerian courts and three-storied caverns, with a dull specimen of bastard Gothic called Elizabethan! Those long wigs who formed the Committee of Taste, seem anything but able judges of architectural improvements; for this capital offence against the public, they deserve less to be on the Queen's Bench than in it. Are they so fond of incarcerations that they must make their own residence look like a jail? or of dark and crooked ways that their Inn must typify them yet further?

London, let us recollect, is not altogether a bee-hive, though perhaps as full of business and of humming; the business is somewhat less *clean*, and the hummers exhale effluvia rather less fragrant than the breath of flowers, the treasures they collect by no means resemble the pure and innocent products of Hybla or Hymettus, nor does their diet consist of heaven's own dew, liquid amber, bee-bread, and pollen. The bills of mortality do not include many such "garden-houses" as Milton tenanted—nor the bills of immortality many such ethereal natures as he. Now that the dead are about to be rusticated, we hope their ci-devant receptacles, the churchyards, will be suffered to lie fallow, and thus form a kind of rus-in-urbe for the living. We advocate this on other accounts, besides their ventilative and respirative uses, and their verdure,—the moral effect of their quiet and cloister-like seclusion amidst tumult and uproar that would drown the voice of Moses giving the commandments. What is there fitter to arrest the foot and the thoughts of a passenger than one of those silent, dim grave-yards in the heart of the worldliest capital in the world—such as old St. Laurence Pountney, or St. Alban's—close behind the noisiest, most crowded thoroughfares, yet breathing perfect stillness? Buried themselves amongst innumerable edifices, they afford to the toil-wearied spirit a momentary rest if no more. They perhaps echo the din outside, but with a deadened sound that

mimics and mocks its hollowness. We would have all these verdant recesses, however disused as cemeteries, kept as sanctuaries—sacred at least to contemplation: their very gloom has an impressiveness which must affect the lightest mind—now perhaps a little, much perhaps years hence, though but half-remembered—and their pallid headstones gleaming above the heavy grass utter a mute *Memento mori* where everything else proclaims *Memento vivere* the single important motto. Useful things are not always *utensils*. Believe us, materialists! these idle patches of ground are amongst the utilities.

Again: those isolated trees which stand in odd nooks and angles, or lean against blind walls, or fling their boughs over the foot-pavement, have a like healthful effect both on the spirits and the spirit; we would preserve them as so many off-sets from the Tree of Life—for all the sylvan tribe may be considered emblems and invigorators of vitality. Look where Wood-street empties its dark chasm-like sewer of pedestrians into the torrent along Cheapside; there a beautiful "lady of the forest" extends her arms like an Elysian willow at the conflux of Styx and Phlegethon: what an eye-salve is her summer-foliage in that adust atmosphere, and her moist-green rind in the lurid winter! What a freshness and sweetness she breathes through that foul and pestilent congregation of vapours! her delicate virgin form hallows that most secular (not to call it profane) neighbourhood, as it were a shrine which sanctifies even the unholy ground within its view. We could point out many other trees whose retiredness and repose furnish a grateful contrast to the bustle and wretched turmoil beyond their pale, but there is one now threatened with destruction, too near at hand peradventure for this late plea and humble petition to save her. Our gentle client stands on or nigh the projected line of "improvement" between St. Martin's Court and Newport Street, forming the sole natural object, except sky (and a fool or two) visible in that semi-subterranean quarter: dilapidation and ruin surround her, how can the helpless, solitary thing, escape a similar fate? Will not mighty Pan—we mean my lord of the Woods and Forests—be chivalrous enough to defend the Dryad of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields (or rather out-of-the-Fields) from the hatchet or tomahawk of savage tree-butcherers? Ought not the Maiming and Mutilation Act to protect from wanton defacement and disfigurement the vegetable form divine, as well as the human, which has often as much of the block or stock about it as the other? Our own proposition is that, where possible, all such trees should, like those on village-greens, be made parish properties, approachable but still isolated; that where no such tree exists, one should be planted at every conspicuous spot; and that a fountain, jet, basin, or pump, should be constructed beside it. Oriental barbarians do this; are the most civilized people of the West to remain compared with them "asses unpolicied"? We cannot grant our proposition in any particular Utopian, unless, perhaps, in its visionary expectation of sufficient public spirit or common sense among London citizens for carrying it out. But a large portion of the present *terra practica* was once part of Utopia, and more and more of the latter region is reclaimed and rendered profitable every year: so we do not despair. "Pressure from without" would soon make water rise; let the Press produce that pressure, and become a force-pump of many handles, to compel an abundant flow. We are neither nympholepts nor partizans of the cold-water cure as a panacea; we consider our fellow-townsmen neither owls nor loup-garous, to be shut up in ivy-mantled abodes, or have London streets like forest walks "shagged with horrid shades" to roam in: but the metropolis, we humbly submit, may reform its unclean and un-sane habits—may enjoy after a rather more plentiful fashion, the advantages of wood and water, without being turned into a Lake of the Dismal Swamp or a Vallombrosa.

These remarks were written before Mr. Towers's 'Account of the Croton Aqueduct' reached us (see ante, p. 974), and as a stranger, we gave him welcome and precedence;—what New-York has done towards self-purification and self-preservation, proves what a wealthier town could do, and would, were the Typhus as aristocratical a disease as the yellow fever.

DR. ROBINSON'S REPLY TO SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

My assertion, that the forty-feet telescope did not produce effects proportioned to its magnitude, is virtually admitted by Sir J. Herschel in his last letter. The two satellites of Saturn, which were supposed to be its tribute to astronomy, now are confessed to have been discovered by a twenty-feet reflector; and "their motions were followed out, to the determination of their periods and calculation of their tables," with that instrument. What then has its gigantic companion really achieved?

Sir John objects to my "à priori reasonings," "hypothetical interpretations," and thinks I ought to have "confined myself to reasoning on facts before the public." In these respects I cannot see how I could act otherwise; I had expressed an opinion, which had been formed on careful examination of every circumstance that could bear on it, in terms which ought not to have offended any one. For this I was arraigned by him, and in my defence stated at length the motives which induced me to form it, which I think are not impugned by any of his statements. Yet they admitted of a very simple answer. If Sir John had used this telescope in his father's lifetime, his testimony would be decisive; if not, he might at least explain why this singular "reserve" was extended to him. If any test double stars were extended with it, he might have given us their names, as I suggested. If any comparison of its light to that of the twenty-feet was made by diaphragms, it might have been stated. This, at least, was the course I pursued when I made public my opinion of the power of Lord Rosse's three-feet speculum, and Sir John himself, by his valuable list of test objects, has shown its propriety.

In one respect this discussion is "likely to advance science." It has brought to light the existence of the journal and treatise, which must be invaluable as stores of experimental research; and I hope that public opinion will be so powerfully expressed, as to induce Sir John to give them to the world. Any reason for withholding them must have ceased long since, and he ought not to subject himself to the charge of wishing to be the solitary possessor of intellectual wealth. At the same time I cannot refrain from remarking how much astronomy might have gained, if the few, who have been labouring at the construction of large reflectors, had been enabled to start from the vantage ground of his father's experience, instead of wasting time in inventing what already existed, or trying experiments which had already proved vain.

Some parts of Sir John's references to the journal require notice, and especially that where he taxes me with being "somewhat uncharitable," in believing a certain white metal to be an impure alloy. I am sorry he should form such an opinion of me, but I think the words of Smeaton's letter will show that I do not deserve it. They are:—"Mr. Herschel tells me there is a warehouse in Thames-street where they keep for sale metal ready made into ingots, of which they have two sorts; what they call white and bell-metal, I suppose such as the bells of clocks are made of, but he did not know exactly their composition. For his speculum they put two ingots of bell-metal to one of white metal. He thinks it a lower metal than what he used for his former specula of nineteen inches." Here is a distinct statement that Sir W. Herschel did not know the composition of this metal, nor even of the mirror; he describes the bell-metal by its use, but not the other. Some years since I requested a friend to inquire among the warehouses in Thames-street, and similar shops, for it, but found that no such article was known. Afterwards, visiting the copper-works at Hafod, I observed such a material, looking like coarse speculum metal, and called white metal by the workmen. This, I supposed, might be the material in question.

But this extract gives rise to another question. Sir William Herschel did not know the composition of metal in 1785: his son declares it to have been "the highest speculum metal then known." If so, the other must have known what it was. London opticians did not surely work at random; and it must have been some standard composition. Mudge's, of 32 copper+14½ tin, was long known; Edwards had just published his. Either this is stated as Sir John's opinion, or on the authority of the journal: if the

former, it should have been mentioned; if the latter, the words should have been given, and the date, for possibly Smeaton's question might have prompted subsequent inquiry on the part of Sir William.

It appears that the second mirror was not the same composition. This Sir William had quite suppressed. And I think it is also evident that he had attempted to cast one of the "higher" alloy, but failed, possibly from cracking in cooling; else why form such a quantity, and then debase it? When reduced to Mudge's standard, it is 32 copper+10.7 tin, which can only be called "real speculum metal" by courtesy; and we need not wonder that it tarnished rapidly and wanted brilliancy.

If I considered the instrument "finished" in 1789, I did so on Sir William Herschel's express statement. Sir John thinks it was "completed" in 1796; but could it ever be called finished if it required constant repolishing?

My estimate of the time required in polishing is necessarily vague; so is Sir John's, though I have no doubt that every day spent in that work, as well as in grinding and making machinery, is recorded in the journal. The latter two ought not to have consumed much time; and as, of course, Sir William Herschel did not do the work of a common labourer, these operations could only require a superintendence not inconsistent with his "astronomical work." Why rely on indefinite declamation instead of dates?

The defects in the nebula figures, to which I alluded, are not errors of drawing, as would seem to be implied by Sir John; they show want of sufficient power to show them well in the telescopes employed.

It remains only to notice the answer given to that proof of imperfect definition, which I deduced from the invisibility of the fifth star in the trapezium of Orion; and I do this, specially because it seems to insinuate against me a want of respect for the infirmities of age. "Dr. Robinson (it is said) complains that, in 1815, the eye of an observer in his seventy-seventh year failed to detect two new stars in the nebula." Quite the reverse: I asserted, that if on the 19th of January, 1811, (not 1815,) "in a clear view," he failed to see these stars, the fault was in the telescope, not the observer. I did so, because published observations show that at no great distance from that date he was fully capable of it. With his seven-feet Newtonian 6.3 inches aperture, he observed, in July 12, 1807, the difficult double star ζ Bootis, and on January 17, 1809, a faint companion of a Cygni, and that of 39 Eridani, which is neither very much larger nor more distant than the 5th of the trapezium. The eye which could do this would, I confidently assert, have detected at once both stars in Lord Rosse's three-feet, though this ought only to have four-tenths of the other's light. Then, as to Struve's not having at once perceived the fifth, and Sir John Herschel himself having overlooked it while drawing the nebula with the twenty-feet, (facts which he was disposed to explain by supposing it variable,) this is quite disposed of by Struve, who now (*Mens. Microm.* p. 242.) rejects all such notions, and refers the occasional difficulty of seeing it to the state of the air. But is it not illogical to reason from this difficulty, with a telescope of 9½ aperture, to one of 48?

The allusion to De Vico, if a jest, is out of place; if serious, is at least surprising from a man like Sir John Herschel; I may add imprudent; for that privileged astronomer is said to see in a telescope of 8 inches aperture even the 7th satellite of Saturn, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the forty-feet! If, however, his observations are to originate such speculations as the abrupt emergence of "a brood of stars," or even to cloak the defects of instruments and observers, I hope I may be permitted to say that they should be confirmed by some other observer. Should my friend and countryman, Mr. Cooper, not be prevented by illness, this will not long be delayed, for he has taken to Nice his achromatic of 13 inches aperture.

To conclude: in defending myself from the attack of Sir John Herschel, I have kept in mind the motives which prompted him to it, and admitted them as an excuse for the tone of asperity which pervades it. What I said before, I repeat; that his father's true fame is quite independent of this instrument. He discovered the planet that bears his name with a seven-feet Newtonian, which also was the source of his Catalogue of double stars. With the twenty-

feet he achieved his triumphs in the field of satellites and nebule. It is the employment, not the making of these telescopes, that constitutes his glory; and whatever be the amount of mechanical skill or patient labour expended on the forty-feet, however honourable to another it might have been, to him it is nothing. If, however, Sir John think otherwise, and estimate so highly this practical knowledge, let him take the advice I have already given, and by publishing the treatise referred to, he will erect a memorial of his father's skill, which will be precious when every specimen of his art shall have perished.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Armagh Observatory,
Nov. 9, 1843.

T. R. ROBINSON.

MR. WILLIAM SEGUIER.

WE record the death of this well-known public officer, which took place on the 5th ult., less on its own account, though it deserves mention, than because it allows us to express certain opinions regarding the superintendence of national establishments—opinions that we have long held, from profound conviction of their truth, but also withheld from delicacy towards an amiable and most respectable man. Our acquaintance with Mr. Seguir was in matters of *connaissance* alone, and would enable us to furnish few details of his private life and character, were they even relevant or important. He once informed us, as we recollect, of his having been "taught" by the celebrated William Blake—how different the master and the pupil! how different their lot! Blake earned eighteen shillings a week and immortal renown, while his scholar earned the directorship of almost all the great picture galleries—and such slight memorials as this! But if he did not imbibe any of that fanciful painter's sublime and singular genius, Nature had bestowed upon him a far more profitable gift—common sense—which he best evinced, perhaps, by resigning an art that promised him neither fame nor fortune, and undertaking a lowlier one, that ensured the latter. Instead of an artist, he became a pictorial artisan, called a picture-cleaner; and by his diligence, his adroitness, and discretion, did, we believe, as much service in the reparation of ancient master-pieces as any other adept, and rather less than the customary damage—no small praise. Extended and observant practice of this kind matured his judgment, and made him, before long, a wary connoisseur—a leading critic—and, at length, an oracle. To his successful career, no doubt, conducted his extreme urbanity, good humour, kindliness, and communicativeness upon the subject of art. Although an uneducated man (we might use a stronger adjective), and speaking, as some persons not illiterate do, the vernacular *patois*, with all its characteristic redundancy and deficiency and vicarious interchange of letters, Mr. Seguir frequented the highest circles, where his natural good breeding received a polish that, despite the said drawbacks, carried him well through conversations not over-refined. We particularize these little items, because they afford an irrefragable test of the state in which artistic criticism stood under the last two reigns: how any one who possessed no intellectual endowments or acquirements—no very purified, or exalted, or expanded tastes—who had no pretensions beyond those of a skillful picture-mender, should have obtained the sovereign chair of connoisseurship, above all his coevals, can be accounted for only by the despisable nature of the "aesthetics" then prevalent. George the Fourth was, at best, a dignified *petit-maitre*, ostentatiously elegant, and essentially vulgar-minded: to him we owe Buckingham Palace, Regent Street, and Brighton Pagoda—each a gigantic display of littleness; through him and his patronage, Nash, from a confectioner of lath-and-plaster houses, became a popular architect—Lawrence, from an exquisite limner a limner of exquisites—Seguir, from a picture-cleaner, superintendent of all the royal and national picture-collections together! We do hope, that if these numerous pinacothecas must have, like the separate wings of Millbank Penitentiary, but one overseer, this lay-pluralist will be sought in a more elevated class of savans than picture-cleaners;—let him be a gentleman, either artist or amateur, not unacquainted with ancient and middle-age and modern literature, familiar with the whole department of criticism, theoretical as well as practical, possessing enlightened taste, and a comprehensive esteem for all the Arts, and all

the Schools, and all the Masters, in their distinct yet connected and convergent lines. We may have here sketched out a "Grandison" director—

A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

Yet we could point out a close approximation to our model—on the Continent. The very low standard, likewise, taken hitherto by our countrymen makes them, we suspect, imagine the qualities above-mentioned not so much incompatible as superfluous. The late Director's knowledge of art suited their ignorance; it was chiefly, or altogether, anecdotal and traditional; he could cite a pleasant tale about Claude when a pastrycook, or tell what Cromwell said about his warts to the portraitist, or all the Emperor of Austria remarked about Sir Thomas's "Pope Pius"; he could descend upon the grace of Raffael, and the airs of Guido, &c. &c.; but a deeper vein of criticism is, we trust, now in demand. The Catalogue he drew up for the National Gallery would vindicate more than we have said against his limited attainments; it swarmed at first with errors, and is still over-run with them. Of the Spanish school he knew as much as any cognoscente among us—quasi nothing; of the German little more; of the Italian far from enough; of the French perhaps a good deal (though his mistake between *Lamoret* and *Watteau* renders us sceptical); but of the Dutch and Flemish schools we believe him to have been an excellent judge, and no ill one of the English. About Sculpture we should guess he understood a *minimum*, about Architecture nought whatever, about Engraving much, especially of the particular schools. Upon the whole, as a connoisseur, if he was not in advance of his own era, he was fully abreast of it, and let this merit enjoy its due praise, when so many a presumptuous man lags behind the present age while he thinks to lead it.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

GERMANY has sustained a heavy loss, in the department of Medical Science, by the death, at Leipzig, at the advanced age of seventy, of Doctor Heinroth. Heinroth was a pupil of the celebrated Pinel; whose views and those of Esquirol, as to the substitution of moral treatment for physical coercion, in the cure of madness, he was the first to introduce into Germany, both in his own practice, and by his publication and annotation of the works of those two eminent physicians. On his return from France, the Saxon government created a chair, for the teaching of this class of medical science, expressly for him; and appointed the new professor, head physician to the St. George's Hospital for the insane—the functions of both which offices he discharged till his death. He was the author of many works of reputation, connected with his own specialty,—besides some popular novels and romances, published under the pseudonym of Traumund Wallentretter—and member of most of the learned bodies in Europe, including the Royal Society of London.

The members of the Royal Society will hear with regret of the sudden death of Mr. Robertson, the assistant-secretary. It appears, by the evidence given at the inquest, that on Monday evening the wife of the Porter took letters to Mr. Robertson who was then in apparent good health, said he was going out, but should return in about an hour. The next morning his servant, when she went to call him, found his door fastened. She at first presumed that he had gone out, and locked the door, as was his custom; but as he did not make his appearance, a blacksmith was sent for, and upon the door being opened he was found lying upon the sofa in a reclining position, quite dead; and Dr. Bostock has given it as his opinion that he had been dead about seventeen hours. Mr. Robertson was a most obliging and amiable man, and an indefatigable officer of the Society.

It is with pleasure we announce that a pension of 200*l.* a-year has been granted by Her Majesty to Sir William Hamilton, Professor of Astronomy, and President of the Royal Irish Academy.—Rumours are current that the Presidency of King's College, London, is about to be given to Dr. Mill, formerly President of Bishop's College, Calcutta.

The Paris papers mention a rumour that there is to be a new creation of Peers, and that M. Victor Hugo will be one of them. They also announce the death, on the Blue Nile, of Dr. A. Petit, who had been sent by the National History Society of Paris on a scientific mission to Abyssinia. The *Univers* expresses

great indignation at the neglect which has suffered the magnificent Pagan Sarcophagus—brought from Salonic—and the frieze of the Temple of Diana,—from Ephesus—by the government, at great pains and expense, to lie for six months, at the foot of the Colonnade of the Louvre. "Since their arrival in the inhospitable climate of Paris," says the *Univers*, "they have endured more fog and rain than during their long existence in their native soil. When the frost shall attack them there will remain but the degraded fragments of what have cost several hundred thousand francs, and the lives of seven men,—among whom we have to mourn the ill-fated painter, Clement Boulanger." The Paris Mint has just struck a very fine medal, in commemoration of the visit of Queen Victoria to the Château d'Eu. On the obverse is the profile of the young Sovereign of Great Britain, and on the reverse the following legend: "*S.M. Victoria, Reine d'Angleterre, visite S.M. Louis Philippe, Roi des Français, au Château d'Eu, en Septembre, 1843.*" The die was cut by M. Borrel.—The king has ordered, of M. Davéria, for the next annual exhibition at the Louvre, a picture representing the ceremony of inaugurating the statue of Henri Quatre, at Pau.

Donizetti's "Don Sebastian" was performed early in the week at the *Académie Royale*, with but a dubious success, (if the reports hitherto received are to be relied on,) as regards that essential of an opera—its music. All that M. Scribe's practised pen could do, in setting forth the striking passages of the romantic story, seems to have been done; and the presence of Camoens, the poet, has enabled the librettist to introduce a higher strain of interest than usually pervades such melodramatic productions as French opera books. The pageantry is sumptuous beyond precedent, the singers impassioned and energetic: nothing seems to have been wanting but inspiration to Donizetti, whose music, as might have been foreseen, is blamed for its deficiency in originality and local colour.

The south of France has again been the scene of inundations, which, though less fruitful in calamity than those of the years 1840 and 1843, were, for a time, an aspect as threatening, and appear to have created almost as great an amount of alarm throughout Provence, from the apprehension that each year's harvest is to be at the mercy of this destructive visitation. The valleys of the Rhone and the Durance have been everywhere invaded by these rivers, which make the fertility they thus periodically destroy. Bridges swept away, and dikes broken through in all directions, are among the least painful characters in which the story of these wild irruptions is written; and one of the finest provinces of France is in danger, unless a remedy be found, of being, at no distant day, lost to civilization,—a mere waste, or succession of marshes, replacing one of the richest soils in Europe. Surely, however, the resources of science, in this its age of power, wielded by a great and wealthy nation like France, may find the means of curbing these torrents at their sources, or in their course.

Speaking of natural convulsions, the Continental papers have been filled with accounts of an alarming earthquake, which has left terror and suffering in Ragusa: and the small, but fertile, island of Nias, situate to the westward of Sumatra, has undergone a still more dreadful visitation of the same scourge, which has overthrown several hundreds of houses, the Government House, the hotel of the Military Commandant, and three churches; and left an awful list of 1500 persons killed or wounded. A large part of the hill on which the citadel stood, which contained a garrison of about 300 men, was thrown down, and the land on the sea-border was submerged. Several small Hindoo barks, at anchor near the mountain Lie-Tobia, were thrown to a distance of from 150 to 200 feet inland, and there dashed to pieces.

A letter from Rome in the *Post* mentions that "An event is on the tapis which causes much satisfaction amongst the English artists here. The English students have hitherto been unable to follow their professional avocations without many disadvantages, as the institutes here have not afforded them facilities to carry out their artistic pursuits, not from any want of courtesy, but from actual want of space and accommodation. The British Minister resident at Naples, Sir George Hamilton, has opened a subscription among the English nobility and others re-

sorting to the Italian States, and the fund already amounts to near three thousand pounds, with which it is intended to erect an Academy, in which all English students will be enabled to progress with their studies throughout the year, and not to be compelled to remain inactive for months, without access to the public collections. The establishment is to contain all that is necessary for their use, also a large and magnificent collection of casts from the antique and the chief works of the most celebrated modern sculptors, &c.; likewise an extensive library."

The next meeting of the Scientific Association of Italy is to take place at Milan, and that city has come to a resolution to grant 10,000 Austrian livres "to be expended in one or more grand experiments within the region of the physical or natural sciences, to be made during the meeting of the Congress. The Italian savans are requested to send to the Municipal Council of Milan, by the 1st of January, 1844, indications of the experiments they propose to make. These are to be submitted to a committee, which, after considering their importance and their cost, is to decide which shall be undertaken. The report of the committee will be communicated to the proposers of the experiments adopted, and conjoint measures will be taken for their execution. The experiment must be of a nature to elucidate and establish some new fact, or some progress in one recently discovered. It must be capable of being finished within the duration of the Congress, so that the members may participate in it." In the North, too, a fact is recorded, in connexion with these Scientific Associations, which is a pleasant evidence of their tendency to open themselves a way through the prejudices of darker times. The Congress of Scandinavian Naturalists assembled last year at Stockholm, having decided on holding their next meeting at Christiania, the President had to express his regret that several distinguished members of that body would be precluded from taking part in the coming year's proceedings, because of the law which forbids the entrance of persons professing the Hebrew faith into Norway. The Association, thereupon, determined to memorialize the Norwegian government on the subject, and the result has been a suspension of the interdiction in favour of such Jewish naturalists as shall desire to make part of the Congress,—with a good prospect of its expansion, at the next sitting of the *Storting*, into a larger measure of religious liberty.

Letters in town, from Germany, announce the successful appearance of Miss Birch at the Leipzic Concerts. Her reception is said to have been the warmest witnessed for many seasons. Among other "musical changes," the approaching visit of Strauss to St. Petersburg may be mentioned. Nor must the recent appearances of M. Raphael and Mlle. Rebecca Felix at the *Odéon* be forgotten. These young tragedians seem to have been pushed forward on the strength of their sister's name, rather than their own merits. A new opera by *Maestro Persiani*, 'Il Fantasma,' is in preparation at the Italian Opera House, at Paris. To these matters, we may add a home rumour which is current, and on tolerably good authority: this promises the return of Madame Vestris to her old throne in Covent Garden Theatre.

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SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 13.—R. I. Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair. The Secretary having announced the departure of several travellers for different parts of the world, and read various

letters received during the recess from correspondents abroad, the donations were announced, among which we noticed the 'National Atlas,' by Mr. A. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh, and a pair of Globes, constructed and presented by Mr. Malley. Various papers had also been received, which will be read at subsequent meetings. These preliminaries terminated, Dr. C. T. Beke, lately returned from Abyssinia, proceeded to detail some of his routes in that little-known country, and to explain the manners and customs of the inhabitants, the features of the country, and its productions, &c. An abstract of Dr. Beke's account will be given next week.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—Nov. 11.—Sir T. E. Colebrooke, Bart. M.P., in the chair. This was the Society's first meeting for the season. A large number of presents were laid upon the table. The Secretary read the commencement of a paper on the History, Geographical Limits, and Chronology of the Chera Kingdom, one of the three great divisions by which the peninsula of India was anciently occupied. We shall defer our notice of its contents to our report of the next meeting.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Nov. 9.—L. H. Petit, Esq., in the chair. The routine business, being the first meeting of the season, electing members, &c., being finished, Mr. Osburn, jun., of Leeds, read a paper on the funeral rituals of the Egyptians, and illustrated it by copies made from the ancient papyri.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Nov. 15.—W. Tooke, Esq., V.P., in the chair, read a communication, by Mr. Pellatt, on Elkington's process of Coating Iron with Zinc, Copper, &c. Several specimens of hinges, ornamental railings, &c., were laid on the table. Ordinary crystallized sulphate of zinc is dissolved in water, with a proportion of 1 lb. of the sulphate to one gallon of water, which forms the zinc solution. The iron to be zined having been cleansed, by remaining for a short time in dilute sulphuric acid, and afterwards well scoured with sand, is placed in the zinc solution, and being attached to the negative pole of the galvanic battery, (plates of zinc being connected with the opposite pole which face the articles in the solution,) the deposit takes place. After being a short time in the solution the article should be taken out and brushed all over, so that any portion which may not have been properly cleansed, and to which the zinc has not perfectly adhered in consequence, may be discovered. It is then returned to the solution, and allowed to remain until a covering of the requisite thickness is obtained. In coppering iron, a solution is formed of ferro-cyanide of copper dissolved in the cyanide of potassium. When the iron to be coated has been cleansed, it is placed in this solution, heated to about 120 degrees and in connexion with the battery. In from two to five minutes the article is coated with copper; it is then scoured with sand, and placed in an acid solution, when, if any portion of the iron is found to be uncovered with the alkaline solution, such part will turn black, and must then be cleansed and returned to the solution for one or two minutes. In order to test the adhesion of these metals, bolts of iron coated with copper have been driven through African oak twenty-four inches thick without at all disturbing the coating of copper; they have also been heated above redness, and then plunged into cold water, without any injury arising therefrom from the difference of expansion and contraction of the metals.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. Statistical Society, 8, P.M.
- Institute of British Architects, 8.
- Chemical Society, 8.
- TUES. Linnean Society, 8.
- WED. Society of Arts, 8.—Mr. C. W. Williams's smokeless Argand Furnace will be described.
- THUR. Royal Society, half-past 8.
- Royal Academy.—Anatomical Lecture.
- Royal Society of Literature, 4.
- Society of Antiquaries, 8.
- Medico-Botanical Society, 8.
- Numismatic Society, 7.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Deborah*.—As affording the public an opportunity of hearing the less known works of Handel, the performances at Exeter Hall maintain their value in spite of their incompleteness: the above word meaning not only to re-

prove imperfections of execution, but also to remonstrate against the mystification of Handel's intentions by Mr. Perry's "additional accompaniments." Such patchings-on and decorations are only sufferable when the artist is a Mozart; a truth which, at the risk of being thought tedious and impractical, we must again and again repeat, till our manufacturing professors "assume a virtue, though they have it not," and refrain from these presumptuous tamperings with the works of the great masters. 'Deborah' is one of Handel's least worthy Oratorios. The passage of scripture history on which it is based, is too restricted to admit of greater variety, in sentiment or description, than the obvious contrast between Pagan tyranny and Israelitish valour: since the scene of *Sisera's* destruction by *Jael*, if treated otherwise than in recitative, must of necessity have become too dramatic for the solemnity of Oratorio. It is observable, by the way, how, for the most part, Handel seems to have shrunk from dealing with such portions of his subject, save in chorus. With the aid of this engine, no judgment was too tremendous, no surprise too sudden for him to represent. Is it not possible that he felt that in this manner of illustration was a more complete escape from the passion and attitude of stage representation, than if he had thrown the weight of situation upon single interlocutors? We are inclined to doubt whether the Great Poet so deliberately reasoned with himself, but the idea has again and again suggested itself, and may be worth recording. Nothing, at all events, can be worse contrived than the text of 'Deborah,' which was concocted by one Samuel Humphreys, in the foolish and bombastic manner of the time. The Prophetess is all but degraded to a scold. *Barak*, her associate,—save in one aria, where he compliments the gentler sex for *Deborah's* sake,—repeats the same warlike sentiments, while *Abinoam*, the Jewish patriarch, has but one song in a paternal strain. We are writing without a score of the Oratorio before us, and therefore can take no exact account of the omissions which were probably made. It is fair, however, to presume, that the best songs have been retained, and these justify the above character. Our favourite is the solemn air "In Jehovah's awful sight"—here the modulation of the accompaniment ought to silence for ever all such as fancy Handel old-fashioned: but the public prefers "Tears such as tender Fathers shed." The airs given to *Barak* were probably written for a different voice than is now to be obtained, the female *mezzo soprano* or *contralto* being not poignant enough, especially in *bravura*, to replace the penetrating tones of the artificial *soprano*. This must be pointed out for Miss Dolby's sake: whose endeavours were but ineffective in spite of the real genius they displayed. We never heard her put forth so much dramatic power. Were her delivery of text equal to her conception of music, we should be inclined from this, as from other recent indications, to augur a first-rate addition to our stage singers. Little space remains for the choruses—which are, as usual, the finest part of the work. The first very striking burst, unfamiliar to the audience, is "O blast, with thy tremendous blow." "Immortal Lord" and "See the proud chief" have been long stock pieces at our sacred concerts. Next must be mentioned the wonderful "O Baal": for wonderful are its expression, colour, and character: and how much so, will best be felt on comparing it with two choruses in which a similar rhythm of $\frac{1}{2}$ is employed by Handel: the one being the stupendous "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies" ('Israel'), the other, "Happy we" ('Acis and Galatea'). It was a pity that the alluring grace of the middle portion of the movement was so largely impaired by want of firmness in entry among the chorists. "Lord of Eternity" is a noble contrast to this Pagan hymn. To us, too, the opening of the third part, "Now the proud insulting foe," is peculiar for its dignified and picturesque beauty. It is an evening scene after a victory—in which the thoughts of the desolation upon which the sun is going down, give a certain sadness even to the triumphant jubulations of the conquerors. The last chorus we can mention is the short "Doleful tidings,"—another noble example of modulation and dramatic effect. As a whole, 'Deborah' was better performed than any oratorio given for the first time at Exeter Hall, which we recollect. Miss Rainforth, Miss Cubitt, Mr. Giubilei, and Mr. Phil-

NOTICE.

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